

ZION'S HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston,
A. S. WEED, PUBLISHER.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
EDWARD A. MANNING, Assistant.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
locality.

Price \$2.50. Payable in Advance.
Specimen Copies Free.



Vol. LII.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1875.

No. 32.

ZION'S HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

First Insertion (Agate matter), per line, 25 cents.	
Each continued insertion, " " "	20 "
Three months, 13 insertions, " " "	16 "
Six months, 26 " " "	15 "
Twelve months, 52 " " "	14 "
Business Notices, " " "	85 "
Reading, " " "	50 "

No Advertisement published for less
than one dollar.
No Advertisement will be taken with-
out a personal inspection by us of the copy.
Cuts will only be taken by special arrange-
ment.

ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.	PAGE
Retribution.—The Class of 1830.—The Great Delusion of Colonial New England.—In a Studio.—Sunday-schools: Preaching.—Short Sayings.	205
DOCTRINAL.	
The Human Recipient of Divine Revela- tion. CORRESPONDENCE. Letter from Newfoundland.—Letter from Toronto.—Old Orchard Beach in Summer.—A Difficult Christian's Trials. OUR BOOK TABLE.	206
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.	
Missionary Department.—A Bishop in In- dia.—Religious Tour.—The Italian Peace Policy.—Boston Market.—Advertisements	207
EDITORIAL.	
Not Anxious, but Earnest.—Alliance Be- tween Throes and Altar.—Can't be Done? —Editorial Paragraphs	208
THE WEEK. NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.	
Maine.—East Maine.—Vermont.—Old Or- chard National Camp-meeting	209
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—ZION'S HERALD Questions. THE FAMILY. A Day in the Life of Luther.—Longings Answered.— Testimonies at Dr. Palmer's Meeting.—The Mysteries of Prayer.—Lilies	210
THE FARM AND GARDEN.	
A Card.—Hints and Receipts.—Wilmington Conference.—Jesse Lee's Picture.—Educa- tional. CAUTIONS. Advertis- ments	211
Business Notices.—Church Register.—Mar- riages, etc.—Reading Notices.—National Sunday-school Assembly.—Emory Grove Camp.—Advertisements	212

some of these men, to find how young
they were when we began to call them
old. But forty-five years has removed
all of them to their heavenly home.

To return to the class, Samuel O.
Wright was perhaps the best looking,
best educated, and most brilliant man
of the eleven. He was really a popu-
lar preacher, and spent his two years'
probation at Malden. The next year
he offered himself, and his young wife,
to go to Liberia, just then being opened
as a mission by Melville B. Cox. He
had hardly commenced his work in that
field when they were both stricken
down by the malaria of the country,
and carried to the grave. D. S. King
was very feeble, bleeding at the lungs,
and not expected to live one year; and
yet he continued to a good old age, and
did much hard work. Salmon Hull
dropped out, after a few years, and
went into the local work; but all the
others graduated to the Eldership, and
did more or less effective service. Joel
Knight did good work in the pastorate
for several years, and died at his post,
in Providence, R. I.

Few classes have equaled this, in
one respect—that is, in living so long.
Seven of them still survive, and three
are accounted effective; three have
been Presiding Elders, one six years,
and another over twenty, all of whom
have been delegates to the General
Conference. One was editor of a
monthly periodical for some time, and
another Book Agent for twelve years.
The most radical of them, in some re-
spects, have proved themselves the
most loyal. Taken together, they have
performed many and varied services
for the cause, and won thousands of
sinners to Christ. Yet they have mer-
ited nothing, and must be saved, if at
all, by grace alone. Thus it was with
Wesley, Asbury, and other fathers,
who actually died for Christ. When
they came to finish their course they
made no account of anything they had
done or suffered, but trusted in the
mercy and promises of God.

This class started just as our Church
was taking a new departure with re-
gard to education, missions, and slavery.
She had been very unfortunate in
having made a complete failure in the
first, until very recently. The Wilbra-
ham Academy seemed to be a success,
and it had been urged that each Con-
ference should establish a similar in-
stitution. From that point literary in-
stitutions multiplied so fast that the
Bishops and General Conference be-
came alarmed, and advised modera-
tion. The Missionary Society had
been in operation some ten years, and
advanced its receipts from \$823.04 in
1820, to \$13,281.63 in 1840. Ten years
after it reported \$136,410.87. It was
hard to raise missionary money when
our best stationed preachers obtained
scarcely enough of salary to give them
the cheapest kind of support. The
question of slavery was just beginning
to attract public attention, as were
temperance and some other reforms.
It was a good time to begin life, both
Church and State being comparatively
asleep on all these subjects. Slavery
was little thought of; intoxicating
liquors were in common use, and gen-
erally believed to be indispensable;
and few troubled themselves about the
conversion of the heathen. The writ-
er's first effort on temperance was to
unite with two other ministers to call
a meeting of citizens to consider the
question of organizing a temperance
society. After a free discussion of the
subject it was voted to be inexpedient
to do so. But this did not satisfy the
ministers, and they called another
meeting, not to discuss it, but to do it;
and it was done. In twenty years
grogs shops became very much reduced,
in number and popularity, under a
stringent license law, and were then
broken up by prohibition, about as
thoroughly as other nuisances. Those
who can remember the habits of the
community in 1830 cannot fail to see
a great improvement in this respect,
however unsatisfactory the state of the
question may now be.

The majority of that class have lived
to witness great improvements in their
Church and country. Methodist trav-
eling preachers have increased in the
United States from less than two thou-
sand to more than nineteen thousand,
and Methodist members from about
five hundred thousand to more than
three millions. The Methodist Episco-
pal Church alone has advanced in its
educational appliances from one semi-
nary to sixty-nine, and from no well
established college to twenty-seven
colleges and universities, of average
respectability, costing about seven mil-
lions of dollars. This is a wonderful
showing for forty-five years, but it
falls short of the full measure of our
growth. We have also established five
theological seminaries, run up our
missionary collections and other be-
nevolences into the millions, and yet
increased our home accommodations in
a still greater proportion. Well may
it be said, "what hath God wrought?"

But we have not only lived longer
than most classes, but we have lived
more. We have lived more in forty-

five years than Methuselah did in five
hundred. He began on a camel, and
ended his nine hundred and sixty-nine
years on one; we struck out on horse-
back, graduated to a sulky, and thence
to a steam-car at forty miles an hour.
It took him as long to get information
from a neighboring tribe when he died
as when he was born; but, in this re-
spect, we can go round the world now
in less time than it took us to "hitch
up" forty-five years ago. Then we
could send a letter for ten cents, and
get an answer in a week, or two, where
we can now mail a card, costing only
one cent, and receive an answer in a
few hours; or, if we are in a hurry,
we can send a despatch by lightning,
and get a response in five minutes!
We have quickened up in other re-
spects. We can learn more in one day
now than we could then in a month.
We have better books, better teachers,
and better opportunities. Let us re-
joice, therefore, and be glad; keep up
with the times, not be in haste to depart,
remain sweet, happy and useful, and
wait joyfully till the Master shall call
us up higher.

THE GREAT DELUSION OF COLO- NIAL NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

The recent demise of Hon. Charles
W. Upham, of Salem, in his seventy-
third year, calls to mind that scholarly
and exhaustive work, of which he is
the conscientious and accomplished
author, concerning that wickedest
and most terrific delusion with which New
England was ever yet visited—the so
called "Salem Witchcraft." And
it has occurred to the writer that some
of the more salient features of that
strange delusion—its rise, progress,
and rapid but most disastrous culmi-
nation.

During the winter of 1691-92 a circle
of young girls had been formed, who
were in the habit of meeting at the
house of Rev. Mr. Parris, the parish
minister of what was then known as
"Salem Village," but is now the pleas-
ant village of Danvers Center, for the
purpose of acquiring and practicing the
arts of fortune-telling, and becoming ex-
perts in the wonders of necromancy
and magic. It consisted of the follow-
ing persons: Abigail Williams (a niece
of Mr. Parris, and a member of his
household), eleven years of age; Ann
Putnam, daughter of the parish clerk,
twelve years of age; Mary Walcott,
Mercy Lewis, and Elizabeth Hubbard,
each seventeen years of age; Elizabeth
Booth and Susannah Sheldon, each
eighteen years of age; and Mary War-
ren and Sarah Churchill, both twenty
years of age. Of these, perhaps Mercy
Lewis was the leading spirit. Possessed
of great energy of purpose and capacity
of management, even if she was not ab-
solutely the chief of this circle she cer-
tainly performed a leading part in its
proceedings, and became responsible
for not a little of the crime and horror
connected with the same. The charac-
ter and high social position of the
parents of Ann Putnam gave her a
prominence which an extraordinary de-
velopment of the imaginative faculty,
and of mental powers generally, en-
abled her to hold throughout. Young as
she was, she was said to have been
hardly second to any as an agent in the
appalling mischief which was to follow.

It has been well declared to be quite
beyond belief that these young girls, in
the astounding developments to which
they gave rise, were actuated wholly
by deliberate, cold-blooded malignity.
Such a view would render their crime
without a parallel in monstrosity of
wickedness. But however much may be
charitably attributed to hallucina-
tion, credulity, and the delirium of ex-
citement, it is sufficiently apparent that
at least two of the older of these girls who
contributed so largely to this horrible
tragedy were actuated, not inconsider-
ably, by malicious feelings towards the
families in which they resided as ser-
vants. Besides the above-mentioned
persons, there were three married
women, rather under middle life, who
acted with the afflicted children, one of
whom was the mother of the aforesaid
Ann Putnam; and also two West India
slaves, man and wife, called "John
Indian" and "Tituba," inmates of the
parsonage. It would not be strange,
inmates of the parsonage, if these, from the
wild and strange superstitions prevail-
ing among their native tribes, contrib-
uted materials calculated fatally to
heighten the infatuation of the times,
and inflame still more the imaginations
of the credulous.

In the course of the winter these par-
ties, meeting frequently for the purpose,
became quite skillful and expert in the
arts they were acquiring, and gradually
began to display their attainments to
the admiration and amazement of be-
holders. At first no charges were pre-
ferred against any one, the girls con-
fined themselves simply to strange ac-
tions, exclamations, and contortions.
"They would creep into holes, and

under benches and chairs, and put
themselves into odd and unnatural po-
sures, make wild and antic gestures,
and utter incoherent and unintelligible
sounds. They would be seized with
spasms, drop insensible to the floor, or
write in agony, suffering dreadful tor-
tures, and uttering loud and piercing
outcries." Not unnaturally, the attention
of families where these meetings (or se-
ances, as they would now be called) were
held was directed to these extraordi-
nary proceedings, and soon the whole
neighborhood and surrounding country
were filled with the story of the strange
and unaccountable sufferings of the
"afflicted girls."

Their condition becoming worse and
worse, the village physician was finally
called in. A consultation was had, and
at length the opinion was gravely pro-
nounced that the children were be-
witched—a favorite resort of the fac-
ulty, in those days, in all difficult cases
when their remedies were baffled or
their skill was at fault. Very soon now,
not unnaturally, the whole community
became excited and greatly alarmed.
All other topics were forgotten. The
only thing thought or spoken of was the
terrible condition of the afflicted chil-
dren at the minister's house, or where-
ever, from time to time, the girls were
assembled. Objects of universal com-
passion and wonder, the people flocked
from all quarters to witness their suffer-
ings, and to gaze awestruck on their
convulsions. Stimulated thus, mean-
time, to vary and expand their mani-
festations, the girls extended their
operations from private houses to public
places, often disturbing, by their fits,
exclamations and outcries, the exercises
of prayer-meetings, and the ordinary
services of the congregation. Being
supposed to be under an irresistible,
supernatural impulse, instead of being
severely punished, as they should have
been, the girls were looked upon with
mingled pity, terror and awe, and so
were made the objects of an attention
that served only greatly to intensify
their malady.

Meanwhile, the excitement was being
rapidly worked up to its highest pitch.
The families to which several of these
afflicted children belonged, together
with sympathizing neighbors, applied
themselves to fasting and prayer, ear-
nestly invoking the divine Being to in-
terpose and deliver them from the
snarles and dominion of Satan. Mr.
Parris in due time sent for the neigh-
borly ministers to assemble at his house
to consider the matter, and unite with
him in supplicating the throne of mercy
for rescue from the power of the great
enemy of souls. The ministers came,
and the children performed some of their
customary feats before their eyes. As-
tounded at what they saw, the reverend
gentlemen fully corroborated the sage
conclusion of the medical faculty, and
formally declared it as their belief that
the "evil one" had commenced his
operations among them with a bolder
front and on a broader scale than ever
before in this country—theology thus
following swiftly on the heels of "sci-
ence" in baptizing symptoms, some-
what out of the common course, or
which did not readily yield to the cus-
tomary prescriptions, as obviously of
the devil.

Naturally this judgment of the minis-
ters, quickly made known everywhere,
served to sweep away all remaining
doubt concerning the nature of these
phenomena, and to suppress all mur-
murs of debate by the irresistible power
of an overwhelming public conviction.
Individuals were now lost in the uni-
versal fanaticism; "society was dis-
solved into a wild and excited crowd;
men and women left their fields, their
houses, their labors and employments,
to witness the awful unveiling of the
demoniac power, and to behold the
workings of Satan himself upon the
victims of his wrath."

All things being now ripe for the
opening of the plot, the first act in this
tragedy is introduced.

[To be continued.]

"IN A STUDIO."

BY A. S. WEED.

Under this title there appeared re-
cently a very interesting article in
Blackwood's Magazine, by W. W. Story,
which was reprinted in *Littell*. It is
written in the style of a dialogue be-
tween Mallet and Belton. The former
assumes to be familiar with the works
of the old masters of art who, with
brush and chisel, have given to the
world the wonderful productions of
their genius. The latter is represented
as a person who seems to be a lover
of paintings and sculpture, and is eagerly
seeking information from Mallet by
plying him with questions which elicit
some very remarkable and interesting
statements.

The discussion opens on the compar-
ative value of old and modern pictures.
It is urged, on the one hand, that time
has added great value to the works of
the old masters, for they have been ad-
mired by the generations of the past,

and are sealed with the stamp of fame.
It is not probable that the verdict of
centuries will be immediately reversed.
On the other hand, it is contended that
many of the old pictures have prices
attached to them far beyond their real
merit, while many artists of the present
day, of great merit, are but little known,
and their works attract but slight no-
tice. Fashion has a great deal to do
with prices; and criticism is not fair,
but often the mouth-piece of a clique,
dictated too often by personal feeling;
and one work is cried up, or down, ac-
cording to the clique. Some million-
aires prefer to pay large sums, for it
brings an *et cetera* to their names, and it
gives them into public notice. The
very fact, however, that love of pictures
is so general, is a sure indication of the
development of a correct and apprecia-
tive taste that will discriminate more
closely.

It has been wisely said that the buy-
ing of pictures begets cultivation. The
man who begins by admiring a colored
print, will soon tire of it, and replace it
with something better. Works of art
are, in some degree, evidences of refine-
ment and feeling, of love for the ideal
and poetic—an expression of sympathy
with the inner life of the artist which
produced them. Some of the masters
of art touched chords of sympathy that
vibrated at once, while others labored
long and patiently, dying without be-
holding the glory that was to surround
their name after the lapse of centuries.
Correggio and Michael Angelo received
but a mere pittance for their works.
Raffaello was better paid. Zeuxis be-
came very rich, and used to parade
about Olympia with his name embroid-
ered in gold on his robes. His wealth
accumulated so enormously that he re-
fused to sell his pictures, saying that
there was no price high enough to pay
for them; but he gave them to cities,
States and friends.

The old Greeks and Romans highly
appreciated works of art, and a distin-
guished artist with them was quite sure
to realize a fortune. Julius Caesar was
a liberal patron of painting, purchasing
of Timomachus (who resided in Athens)
two paintings, one representing Jax
and the other Medea, which he placed
in the temple of Venus Genetrix, for
which he paid eighty Attic talents, or,
in our own money, about \$100,000.
Some of the emperors whose names
have come down to us as synonyms of
selfish ambition and cruelty were also
lovers of art. Hadrian, Nero,
and others were artists themselves. In
fact, art was a part of the education of
all high-born Greeks and Romans. This
cultivation of the taste of the rich and
influential secured to the artists many
liberal patrons, and enabled them in
some instances to amass princely for-
tunes, which most clearly indicates that
extravagance was not confined to the
nineteenth century, for the most fabu-
lous prices were paid for works of art
before the dawn of the Christian era.

Apelles, the most famous of ancient
portrait painters, went to Macedonia in
the time of Philip, and it is said a strong
friendship was formed between him and
the king. At a certain time he visited
Protagenes, at Rhodes, and, being in his
study during his absence, he drew a
sketch in which Protagenes recognized,
on his return, the masterly stroke of
Apelles, and undertook to excel him.
Apelles drew a third sketch, superior to
both, so that the Rhodian painter de-
clared himself conquered. The table
containing the figures was afterwards
carried to Rome, and ornamented the
palace of the Caesars till destroyed by
a conflagration. The most celebrated
painting of this artist was Alexander
holding the lightning. By a peculiar
application of perspective and chiaro-
oscuro, the hand with the lightning
seemed to project from the picture. It
was painted on the walls of the Temple
of Diana at Ephesus, and for it he re-
ceived \$25,000. His generous treatment
of Protagenes showed him to be a man
above envy and jealousy. The Rhodians
were not disposed at first to appreciate
their own artist, but Apelles saw that
the paintings in his studio were of great
merit, and at once offered him fifty tal-
ents apiece (\$60,000) for all that he
had. Protagenes gladly accepted it,
and as soon as it became known that
the great painter had given this price
the Rhodians besieged him to purchase
them back again; but Apelles refused
to surrender them, except at a greatly
advanced price, saying they were worth
more than he had been able to give.
From that time forward the fortune of
Protagenes was made.

Among other princely artists was
Polygnotus, of Greece. He painted at
Athens the porch called the Pæcile, and
refused any remuneration. The Am-
phictyons, or public council of Greece,
were unwilling to be outdone in gener-
osity, and bestowed upon him his house
and maintenance at the public ex-
pense. Plutarch relates that Aratus,
being desirous to make a present to
Ptolemy, sent him some old pictures by
Melanthus and Pamphilus; and in re-
turn Ptolemy sent in gold what would
amount, in our currency, to nearly

\$200,000. Marcus Agrippa is re-
presented as a man simple and severe in
his tastes, but possessing enormous
wealth; and, being one of the liberal
patrons and lovers of art, he bequeath-
ed to his countrymen the magnificent
therma, in the Campus Martius, with
their splendid garden, libraries and
porticoes—one portion of which, the
Pantheon, "pride of Rome," as Byron
calls it, still remains. Not content with
making munificent gifts to the people,
beyond anything at the present day, he
wrote an oration, urging upon those
who possessed statues, pictures, or works
of art of any kind, the duty of exhibit-
ing them to the public. He paid for
two paintings to the people of Cyzicus
(Ajax and Venus) \$62,000.

The generous spirit manifested by
Marcus Agrippa, in allowing the public
to enjoy his collection of the works of
art, fortunately has been transferred to
some in our very midst, who are repeat-
ing the worthy examples set so many
centuries ago. Foremost among those
who have opened their houses, and in-
vited all the rich and the poor, to share
with them the pleasure of looking upon
their household treasures of art, is Mr. Alvin
Adams, a worthy example to those
whose galleries are sealed to the public.

But, to return from this slight digres-
sion, a very celebrated painting was
brought from Greece by Lucius Mum-
mius, among the spoils of victory, rep-
resenting Father Bacchus. A sale of it
was once made to Attaius, king of Per-
gamus, for \$2,500 pounds, but the sale
was revoked, on the ground that the
price was too small. It is amusingly
told of this Mummius, when he was
embarking some of those magnificent
works of which he robbed Greece, that
he obliged the captain of the vessel to
sign an obligation that, in case any of
them were lost, or destroyed, he would
replace them with others. Art had its
revenge upon him, and not all his vic-
tories could relieve him from the ridicu-
le he brought upon himself by this
absurd contract. There was a roar of
laughter over all Rome when it became
known.

The discussion of Mallet and Belton
continues, but turns upon statutory and
oratory. Perhaps at some future time
we may give a review of the balance of
the paper.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS—PREACHING.

BY REV. STEPHEN ALLEN, D. D.

The practice of devoting one half
of the Sabbath to the Sunday-school, or
Bible-service, as it is sometimes called,
is becoming quite general. The prop-
riety of dispensing with one preaching
service for this purpose, like all other
innovations upon long established
usages, should be determined by its ob-
vious tendencies and its actual results.
The principal reasons in favor of this
new departure are:—

1st, that more ample time is in this
way secured for this important work;
2nd, that the pastor can with much less
inconvenience become an efficient Sun-
day-school worker; 3d, that on this
plan the interest of the Sunday-school
is greatly promoted; 4th, that one ser-
mon on the Sabbath is all that the peo-
ple need, and as much as is profitable.
The argument involved in the reasons
above given is based upon the assump-
tion that the Sunday-school is equally
important with preaching, and therefore
is entitled to an equal share of time on
the Sabbath—an assumption without
adequate proof. Apostolic usage places
preaching in the foreground, as an in-
strumentally for saving men and bene-
fitting the world. The plan, therefore,
which carries the preaching of the Gos-
pel most thoroughly to the people is
most in harmony with apostolic prac-
tice. There are many places where two
preaching services on the Sabbath are
necessary to accommodate all who de-
sire to hear preaching. In such cases
two preaching services on the Sabbath
should be held, if practicable. This
want is supplied, in many city churches,
by a sermon in the morning and in the
evening; the Bible-service can then
be accommodated with ample time with-
out interference with any other interest.

But in some communities evening
preaching would interfere with the Sun-
day evening prayer-meeting, to which
the people are much attached, and
would, therefore, be a failure. There
are also many sparsely settled com-
munities where, through lack of skilled
Sunday-school workers, the Sunday-
school cannot be made a satisfactory
substitute for preaching. There are also
some congregations strongly attached
to the ancient usage, who will not cheer-
fully consent to its abandonment. Strifes
and divisions have sometimes resulted
from the adoption of the new plan. It
is not wise to introduce innovations
where such results are likely to be real-
ized. The one-sermon plan tends to
encourage indolence with both minister
and people, and opens the door for
Sabbath desecration by leaving a large
portion of the day without the minis-
trations of the pulpit. If it be true that
one sermon on the Sabbath is as much
as the people can profitably hear, it is a

sorry reflection either upon the sermon
or the capacity of the hearers. Our old
veteran itinerants were accustomed to
preach every day in the week, and
sometimes several times a day; and
people could listen to three or four ser-
mons a day without weariness. The
earnest evangelist sometimes discourses
two or three times a day, for several
days together, to the same congrega-
tion, with great success. Two sermons
a week should not be regarded as a se-
vere tax upon either the preacher or the
hearers. The earnest preacher and the
spiritual hearer will not be content with
less.

Not unfrequently the studious pastor
finds it convenient to preach a discourse
in two parts, or two sermons closely re-
lated to each other, which should be
brought as nearly as possible into juxta-
position in order to secure the best re-
sults. A second sermon on the same
day affords the preacher a better chance
to retrieve himself, in case of a failure,
than if his success for the day depended
upon a single effort. If the attendance
upon the Sunday-school is permanently
increased by the new departure, with-
out affecting the attendance upon the
preaching service unfavorably, this is
a strong argument in its favor. Some-
times the novelty of a change excites a
new interest for a time, when a few
months carries the attendance back to
the previous number. The experiment
requires time fairly to test the excel-
lence of the plan.

The tastes of the people and the cir-
cumstances of the case should be care-
fully considered before venturing upon
any innovation whereby the preaching
of the Gospel, the grand calling of the
minister of Christ, is circumscribed or
hindered. It is doubtful if our Soci-
eties generally would be gainers by de-
parting from the time-honored and
heaven-sanctioned usage of two ser-
mons upon the Sabbath.

A QUESTION OF FACT.

English letter writers say that "Law-
yer Shearman" is recuperating his ex-
hausted energies, and refreshing himself,
after his long confinement in the famous
court room, by a sojourn in the "Old
Country," a course eminently unobjec-
tionable and proper. He has also sen-
tenced, perhaps from force of habit, to
the defense of his distinguished client
during said residence abroad, to which
I am not aware that any one need
take the slightest exception. But the
line of this renewed defense adopted by
the indefatigable advocate is a strange
one, and involves a base and sweeping
slander upon a class of men among
whom is rarely found an instance where
passion has proved stronger than prin-
ciple.

This gentleman is reported as stat-
ing at a public meeting in London,
and his utterances have been published
world-wide, that in American society "it
is a common practice for gentlemen
and clergymen to kiss their intimate
female friends;" and he also claims
for his pastor the credit of far greater
forbearance in such indulgences than
the clergy generally. Now, consider-
ing the disgusting revelations of the
great trial, and remembering that among
the "intimate friends" of a true pastor
should be classed every family in his
Church, if not in his parish, such a state-
ment from the "eminent counsel" must
have unfolded to the contemplation of
our English cousins a picture of Ameri-
can society most astonishing and re-
volting. We are not sufficiently unfor-
tunate as to be personally acquainted
with the social circle in which Mr.
Shearman moves; but, leaving that very
limited circle out of the question, we
desire explicitly to enter an indignant
protest against a malicious and
baseless libel upon the great body of
American clergymen. He must be a
prodigy of meanness and falsehood who
could deliberately slander his country-
men so bitterly, and so degrade the
reputation of his native land as to pic-
ture out a community where licentious-
ness runs wild, and where the teachers
of Christianity are among the lowest of
the low.

Sad must be the case of a defendant
which hangs upon the efforts of such an
advocate, and which must be bolstered
up by wholesale slander of the very
profession or class to which the defend-
ant belongs. G. F.

SHORT SAYINGS.

It is not difficult to ascertain a man's
calling; that will show for itself. The
difficulty is, has he any?

The little stream when it passes into
the sea proclaims its arrival. The river
forms the junction in silence.

We rest not when we sleep in death.
We need it not.

We are independent, and controlled
by nobody; yet there should be a mas-
ter—ourselves.

Not one in a thousand perhaps re-
turns good for evil, but goes to his grave
without the gratifying knowledge.

Poverty pinches, but not half so hard
as vice. The one wounds, to heal; the
other leaves an ulcer.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

THE HUMAN RECIPIENT OF THE DIVINE REVELATION, AND THE OBJECT OF THE DIVINE THOUGHT.

A Sermon by BISHOP FOSTER, preached at the Second Fraternal Camp-Meeting, held at Round Lake.

Reported by Rev. S. M. Styles.

I stated, when I preached on this ground a year ago, that I found it exceedingly difficult to speak, for the length of time requisite to an ordinary sermon, in the open air, and to speak with any volume of voice. I was mercifully assisted—I think divinely assisted, on that occasion, to get through the main part of my discussion. I have the same consciousness of difficulty, and a certain sense of fear, in attempting to preach to this large congregation to-day. I have no hope that the shroud of voice which I have, which is not very strong, will enable me to command the outskirts of this assembly. I presume that I am not heard now over the entire audience. I shall be compelled to regard my own weakness in this respect, and forego the attempt now to reach every ear here, though I should be glad to do so. And I say now, as I said then, I am conscious I need the prayers of the congregation, and their quiet attention. I do not need excitement; I have excitement enough. I need calmness in myself, and calmness in you. I greatly desire to bring to your attention some truth which I consider of importance. If I were able to discuss it as it deserves to be discussed I know it would be regarded as important by you.

Last year I called your attention to "the character of our blessed Lord, as the revealer of the divine to the human." I desire to call your attention now to "the human recipient of the divine revelation, and the object of the divine thought."

I have selected for my text a fragment of the second verse of the third chapter of the first epistle of John: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

1. What are we? "We"—who are we? What are we? The word is a composite word, or a plural form of word, which gathers up the idea of unity and multitude into it. "We" is a composition of "I," "thou," and "he," and represents the *is*, the *thou*, and the *he* of the world. Who am I? What art thou? What is he? Perhaps more human thought has been expended upon this question than upon any other, unless it be the greatest question of all. The deepest reflection, the greatest effort of the human mind, has no doubt been expended in thoughts of the great, infinite Author of all being, the highest mystery to thought; but, next to that, the greatest thought has been expended upon that peculiar being among the divine creations who is capable of thinking. He has himself been the greatest object of his own thought.

And my first remark is, that the "we" is the only being, or kind of being that can raise the question, in all the world—the only being that can objectify itself—that can think of itself—that can consider itself—that can analyse itself, or can forecast its history—that has the power of prospecting and of retrospecting. And, in uttering that, I utter no unimportant truth, but a very great and important one. It is the highest interest of man to know himself, that he may understand his responsibilities, that he may wisely consider his interests, and that he may demean himself as he ought. It is only by knowing himself that he is able rightly to respect himself, and rightly to take care of himself. I ponder this question, then, at some length, and invoke patient and quiet thought, and hopeful thought, as I progress in its discussion.

Perhaps the common, superficial, unreflecting thought of men, of multitudes and individuals of men, is, that man is simply the living animal that is obvious to sense—that lives, and eats, and sleeps, and dies. No, my hearers; that is not man. A careful study will show us that it is but an appendage of man—but a shrine in which he lives—but an animal that does him service, and answers his bidding. And yet that is the greatest mistake, and the most fatal of all mistakes. If we could go out into the world to-day, into the concourses of men, or where they are sparsely distributed over almost uninhabited districts, and put ourselves in communion with the sum of human thought and human feelings, we should find that it is enslaved by this world-wide and almost universal mistake—the idea that the forms which men have are men. And for this reason the entire activity of the world, almost, is devoted to the consideration of the external forms of men, to activities that have sole relation to the well-being and comfort of this objectified man. The great Gentile question has ruled the world for six thousand years, and will rule it until He comes whose right it is, and enthrones Himself in human consciousness, in a higher sense than has ever yet taken place. The great Gentile question is, "what shall I eat? what shall I drink? where will I dwell? what shall I be clothed?" The commerce of the world; all arts, all trades, all handicraft, all activity of brain and hand, is directed to that question. It enslaves us, from the cradle to the grave. We rarely rise out of it. Occasionally, on a supreme moment, we are lifted to a mount of vision; we are caught up to the discovery of great and sublime truths, when we see what is unseen to mortal sense, when invisible spiritualities pass before our conception, and take form, and become real, and we commune with them. But for the most part we live in this low plain of earth

and of the flesh; and it is among the lamentable things that our civilization and our social life are constructed upon these ideas. Parents think of their children as young animals that have to be fed and clothed. Rarely does it pass into their consciousness that they have spirits in their homes—that they have greater realities than what appears in flesh and blood and bone in their households—that they themselves have other wants than those which ordinarily crowd upon their thought and upon their feelings.

Brethren, no man hath ever yet seen a man! Invisible as God is man! He is that mysterious being who hides himself from himself—hides himself from all observers. We see what he is by forms of expression which he makes through the body in which he dwells, but his essential selfness, his essence, eludes all our observation, escapes all our sense. And I might interpolate in this text this form, and it would be true: "It doth not yet appear what we are!" To human sense man is as absolutely concealed as the great and infinite energy that pervades the universe, and called it into existence. And I must beg to pause long enough to impress this thought upon my audience—if possible, to lift myself and lift you into the perception of the truth that I, that speak, and you, that hear, are not the forms that are visibly displayed in this grove. It takes more than a head, and hands, and feet, and blood, and bones, and flesh, to make a man—so much more, that these are not of man, but appertain to man. Man, the being brought to view in this text, is he who contemplates head, and hands, and feet, and who reflects about them—who observes forms, who criticises their functions, who is pleased or displeased with their beauty or deformity, who commands them and controls them, who uses them—though they seem to be so near—who uses them to execute his thought, and to put forth his creations. The man is he who, in his deepest consciousness, thinks and loves; and these are his supreme characteristics.

I go into an artist's studio, and I find a form, set before a table covered with a variety of implements and instruments, and an easel mounted with a canvas; and I see this form taking old implements and instruments, that lie about it, and putting color, and limning feature upon the canvas. That is all I see—the form, and the materials employed by the form, and the canvas upon which they are spread. But there is a mysterious being present there, deeper and more real than the form, and transcendently more important than all that appears to me; and it is that mysterious being who has conceived a picture in a thought. It lies there, shrouded in ineffable beauty, and he longs to draw it out of himself; he longs to body himself, to give expression to that world of mystery that lies hidden in the impenetrable depths of his own consciousness. And so he commands the form in which he lives to execute his thought, and spread it upon canvas, and introduce him to his fellows—make them know that he is, for otherwise they should not know that he is. It is but by these forms of action, created by the indwelling immortality, I will call him, and refer to it afterwards, that he brings himself out, and exhibits to observers the world of thought that lies hidden within him—worlds of beauty, thought, and of love.

The form in which man lives is a very important thing. We attach great importance to it now. It absorbs us quite, and we still keep attaching importance to it which enslaves our thought, as we consider the future as well as present of man. But we shall see that it is an exceedingly unimportant and very transient thing in fact, and in the purpose of Him that made it in the form in which it now is. That which stood before the thought of God, as of great, commanding, infinite, measureless importance, was not that animal that was to be born of woman, and live a life of suffering and pain and labor upon the earth, but that angel that God breathed into it when he put a soul in the human body, that was like Himself, and that was destined to be immortal.

I dwell for a moment, that I may hold this truth strongly before the audience. I am seeking for a moment to find who we are, that I may forecast a little as to what there is before us in the thought and purpose of God, dimly disclosed, but not fully appearing. I have said that this physical form—these "physical forms" that are here, that we address, as men and women, are not men and women. I have said that they are trivial, in fact, and transient in their existence, in the original purpose of their creation, in the function which they serve, in the office which they perform; and I could not utter a more familiar truth to you than that which I stated when I spoke of their transitoriness.

I seek now to show that within these caskets there is a veritable being. It is difficult for us to realize a being that we cannot see—one that by every process eludes our vision, that we cannot touch, that is shut away from any direct communication with us through the ordinary avenues of thought. It requires some exercise of reason that we may reach to this great and fundamental truth; and I must be permitted to say that I have no doubt it is a truth which needs much more fully and frequently to be discussed in the Christian pulpit than it is. It is true that for ordinary purposes it is sufficient for us to assume the existence of the spiritual nature of man—his soulness—to preach it. The common mind will generally receive the enunciation without question; and yet, if I do not wholly misunderstand and misinterpret your humanity by the action of my own, there is within every

man a deep, earnest desire to know more of that self-spirit of which so much is said, and to be guided, in some way, so as to discover that it is a reality, and not a myth, not a dream—that it has substance in it, more substance than granite—that it cannot perish—that it is seized of a vitality that holds it in life permanently. It is of importance that we should be raised to a plane where we see that this great world, for things temporal, as well as for things that are spiritual, is but a fugitive and insignificant world; and that deeper than that is the great, ineffable and eternal spiritual realm that is always about us. I suppose it is accepted as a fact—I know it is, and not only accepted, but scientifically demonstrated, that this objective, physical man is not simply fugitive, in the sense that whatever passes away by death is overthrown, and decomposed, and scattered, in all its substance, to the winds of heaven, and loses all its organic existence; but it is equally a fact that it is always vanishing—that there is no stability whatever, no permanent identity in this objective humanity. It has been demonstrated that the human body, by flux, in the various methods of attrition and destruction, passes entirely away every few years of our existence. I think there can be no doubt that there are men here, upon this platform, who, since the day on which they were placed on their mothers' bosoms, sixty or seventy years ago, have several times lost every particle of substance in their physical organization; so that there is not, in the objective man, any stability; it is in a state of constant flux. We are not the same men, physically, that we were ten years ago, twenty years ago, thirty years ago; we have changed each decade, so that perhaps not a particle of materiality, which we call our bodies, remains with us for more than a few years at any time.

Now, that fact I alluded to for a purpose. Is man himself thus fugitive? Does he pass away when the structure in which he lives passes away? Or must we distinguish between the structure and the inhabitant? Can we find permanence and identity anywhere—something that stays when that other something goes? something that abides when that other something vanishes? Is there an identity which belongs to man, from the cradle through eternity? Is there a selfness that holds on to him, amid all flux and all change, so that he can predicate to-day, and a thousand years from now, and ten millions of years from now, "I am; I abide; the body dies, I live; the earth vanishes, I abide and stay." Is there such a thing as that?

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

A few mornings ago, when I was on a visit to a city in the West, I was disturbed in the early morning by that loneliest sound, I think, that ever broke upon the ear of man—that sound of lonely love, a dove moaning for its mate! Straightway, in that early dawn, I was projected back, over fifty years, when a little boy, I saw the old river come gliding by, as it was in the light of the sun of fifty years before; I saw the crooked lane running up the sloping hill; I saw, upon the broken limb of a walnut tree, a solitary dove, that almost broke my boyish heart. Passing by the scene of the dove, by the law of association I knelt down again by a mother's knee, and kissed her hand, and heard her voice teaching me the prayer that I lippled when I was an infant. All of it rose, and came back, and stood before me, in the vividness and magnificence of that spring morning, fifty years ago; and I was conscious that I, gray-headed, shaking with the approach of age, was the same being that knelt down and kissed a mother's hand! My body had passed away a great many times, but I had remained, had stayed. [The reporter regrets that he cannot indicate on paper the touching manner in which the above beautiful picture was drawn. It drew tears to many eyes.]

And now, the thing that I want to lodge in my own consciousness, and in yours, is that of this central personality, this spiritual identity—this being that we call "we," "I," "thou," "he"—this being that writes history, that studies and elaborates sciences, that paints immortal pictures for the study of the ages, that devises laws, that investigates, that knows beauty, and right, and wrong, and God, and eternity, and infinity, that stands out solitary, amid the great universe, and says, "I am"—that lifts up his head in proud exaltation and glory of its faculty, and looks upon suns, and stars, and earth, and all things else, and says, "I am in the universe!" Oh, to be a man! to be a consciousness! to be able to separate myself from every other self, every other being, and to know that within myself there is a depth no other can ever penetrate, save the eye of the Infinite alone!

[To be continued.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
MR. EDITOR:—Seldom have you received greeting from this "strange country in the waters," and perhaps the novelty may make the greeting acceptable. While some of your numerous correspondents may have laid down their pens, to persevere in peace, there will be room for one who writes with an overcoat thrown over his shoulders. Do you still dwell among the nineties? Let it not tantalize you to know we have been among icebergs since we last saw Boston, and that an occasional blazing fire of bituminous coal in the grate has to make the sitting room comfortable for the visiting Yankees.

After bidding farewell to Boston and Massachusetts, August 10th, the good steamer Falmouth took us through a dense fog safely from Portland to Hal-

ifax. We had prayers on board Sunday evening, meeting the beloved brethren at Bromfield Street, and the rest of you, by faith, around a common mercy seat. The closing hours of Sunday and the opening of Monday we lay to, with the warning whistle uttering its regular screams, to guard against collision; but shortly after daylight the fog rose, and soon the citadel of Halifax lifted its bomb-proof embankment above us.

A cordial greeting from Rev. Mr. Nicholson, the newly elected Bishop of the Nova Scotia Conference, and Rev. Mr. Lathern, pastor of the large Brunswick Street Church, was made more pleasant still by meeting Brother T. B. Smith, of Medford, who was spending his vacation with his brother-in-law, Charles Black, esq. May every Methodist preacher rustic in such a palace as that, filled with choice pictures and other gems of European art, in the midst of grounds where fountains splashed, and flowers exhaled sweet fragrance, and a croquet lawn that might almost tempt a Bishop to handle the mallet. Ascending to the roof, below us stretched the magnificent harbor, said to be the finest in the world. Great war-ships lay at anchor on its surface; while the town of Dartmouth, and sweet fields beyond, formed a picture which so fascinated a little Yankee lady who looked at it that she could hardly be removed from the roof till night shut out the sight.

But our voyage is not half completed; and with many unpleasant anticipations of sea-sickness, and banks of fog, with icebergs in ambush, we embarked on the "Scandinavian," one of the Allen line of steamers, which touch at St. Johns on their way to Liverpool. One of these great ships is almost a city on the sea. Massive in iron and oak, with a volcano in her heart to drive her forward, in obedience to the master's command, you feel that if Columbus reached the haven you certainly must. We were happily disappointed in the character of the passage. Two glorious days, with hardly a ripple on the ocean, and not a sign of fog, the sun shining by day and the moon by night, brought us to Newfoundland. Off Cape Race, and all up the coast to St. Johns, we were gratified with a sight of stranded icebergs—some flat, some domed, some pinnacled, some like clusters of massive columns. One columnar berg fell to pieces while we were passing it.

This part of the coast is an almost perpendicular wall of rock, against which thunder the waves, with here and there shelving openings, on which are seen the villages of hardy fishermen, whose fleets of little boats dot the waters outside. Many of these villages are set in the midst of the most picturesque surroundings calculated to charm the tourist. One of them, Petty Harbor, a few miles from St. Johns, pitched in a ravine between hills hundreds of feet in height, is extremely romantic. Visiting it from St. Johns, and returning at nightfall, one of the party said, "look at the scene!" It was worth looking at. At our feet a trout brook tumbled down toward the sea; on each side rose almost perpendicular mountains, over one of which the full moon had just come; behind us the rocks opened to the ocean; and in the opening loomed up an iceberg, in the midst of a fleet of boats.

The entrance to St. Johns has been compared to the Franconia Notch. You see no entrance in the battlements of cliff, and no sign of a city, until directly opposite, when a gap only a few hundred yards in width, between hills 600 feet high, admits the ship into a landlocked basin, on one side of which lies St. Johns. The entrance was defended with heavy batteries, but the soldiers have been withdrawn, and the forts disarmed. The city has 25,000 inhabitants, and the forests of masts in the harbor and along the wharves indicate the large commerce of the port. Especially noticeable, on the side of the harbor opposite the town, are the steamers with which the seal fishery is prosecuted in the spring, and which lie up during the rest of the year.

The roads leading from St. Johns are of the finest kind, hard as concrete pavement. A great many villas are to be seen in every direction, for several miles around the city; beautiful lakes are constantly appearing; and some of the inland views are as remarkable for their beauty as the coast scenery is for its rugged sublimity. Very good steamers are regularly run to the various parts of the island; and if some enterprising Yankee would put up a first-class hotel in St. Johns he could offer tourists attractions in scenery, trouting, hunting, and healthy climate, not surpassed in any part of the world. The hospitality of the people is proverbial; strangers are treated with marked kindness, and some find themselves among friends.

The Wesleyans have two large churches in St. Johns. One, just completed, is a fine stone structure, and the handsomest in the island. Methodism is advancing with rapid strides. It has now a separate Conference, which held its second session last spring, and numbers over 50 members. The people here go to church without regard to weather, and every Sabbath the church is full. In a population of not quite 150,000 there are over 35,000 Wesleyans, the remainder being Churchmen and Catholics; but in the last four years the Wesleyans have increased at the rate of twenty-one per cent., the Churchmen seven per cent., and the Catholics have about held their own. There is a great work before Methodism in this island, and she is girding herself to accomplish it. The temporal interests of the people look dark just now, for the cod fishery, on which so much depends, is almost a failure; that means next to

starvation for thousands. May He who chose fishermen for His apostles, and filled their nets when they were in need, grant a similar blessing to these hardy toilers of the sea.

Y. W.

LETTER FROM TORONTO.

BY M. E. W.

From the Thousand Islands, and worship beneath the trees, your correspondent takes a little trip, through Kingston (where she is entertained at the house of a Methodist Brother, who seems to see no incongruity in requesting her to deliver a temperance address), via the Grand Trunk, to Toronto, a city where Methodism seems successfully competing with Romanism, and gaining, as no other form of Protestantism has ever done, the mastery of Canada.

The Metropolitan church, occupying the square between Church, Queen, Bond, and Shooter streets, though built of brick, white-faced and trimmed with red, is one of the prettiest churches we have ever seen. Immensely large, very ornate, capable of seating thousands, its interior decorations and fittings up are very American, and in strong contrast to the severe decorum in which the Church of England judges it best to keep her children during their long attendance upon her protracted services.

The auditorium was crowded on Sunday evening with a well-dressed audience, the gas brilliant, and the music faultless, as to time, execution, harmony, and a perfect organ, but, to ears fresh from three camp-meetings, the singing was a failure, since the choir did it, and the congregation looked on—a very decadence, as we think, since the days when the Wesleyans initiated hymnology for the benefit of "those people called Methodists."

Might we, as from the outside, be allowed another stricture? On Sunday the pastor, Rev. Mr. Potts, said to be very able and eloquent, did not preach, greatly to our disappointment, but a stranger did—a grave, dignified, thoughtful man, who delivered a good, earnest address on "consecration," in the course of which he said "had wrote." Now, there is no sin in bad grammar; God wants heart-service; and the object of the ministry is to save souls; but is there anything incompatible with his true work in a preacher's being careful to express himself in accordance with the rules of his own language? We have listened to an average of three sermons a day, for the last five weeks, and in at least two thirds of them expressions like the above, many much worse, have occurred. It is ungracious to mention names, but our notes show that high places in Church or office are not free from this breach of minor morals. It was all very excusable while Methodism confined itself to collieries, moors, and mines, though we have reason to believe that the Wesleyans were most finished scholars. It does not matter much in what form the Gospel is presented to the poor, ignorant and vicious, so that it have energy enough to reclaim and bring them to Christ; but when a great and powerful organization spreads wide over the land, erects colleges, builds the finest churches, and quotes Greek from the most luxurious pulpits, society has a right to demand that it shall do its part towards molding the people into the use of pure classical English.

Sunday is a very quiet day in Toronto. Our half German cities would profit by its imitation. The Park gates are closed on Saturday night, and no vehicle allowed to enter during the sacred hours. Street cars and omnibuses do not run; even private carriages are rare; and every one who can walks to church. The broad, open Park, on the edge of which our house of temporary sojourn is situated, looked very inviting on Sunday afternoon, and we stepped out to find quite a throng under the trees. Two dense groups of men were gathered, each around some speaker, whose gesticulations we could see, but whose words were inaudible outside the circle. At another place an open-air preacher was ranting to himself, five small boys, and several nurse-maids. He kept throwing up his arms, screaming, and turning round and round, shouting at intervals, "yes; there are two classes 'ere! In which of the two have you?"

We spent Saturday morning with one of the managers in an inspection of the News Boys' Lodging House, to which a large and commodious building has recently been added, containing a dining-room 40 feet long, with a dormitory above, capable of comfortably accommodating 40 or 50 boys. In the old building there are already about thirty lodged and fed. For ten cents these boys are provided with supper, bed, breakfast, and a bath, the use of which is compulsory; and for eight more a good dinner is furnished. There is a school-room and library, and several gentlemen come here every evening to teach and entertain the boys. Singing forms a part of the instruction, and prayers are regularly conducted, night and morning. A Sunday-school is carried on in the afternoon, and services by ladies in the evening. Every boy who is known to have been in church is presented with a free dinner. There is one thing specially noticeable in this, as in all other English charitable institutions, every thing is solid and plain, to the last degree of economy. Not a nail is driven for show; not a touch of paint or gilding put on as decoration; but everything is scrupulously clean, and adapted to its use. This enterprise, which has paved the way for a similar

one in Montreal, originated with Professor Wilson, of the University, and is under the charge of a joint board of lady and gentlemen managers, but has not yet become self-supporting.

Toronto, Can., Aug. 10, 1875.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH IN SUMMER.

BY REV. J. W. ADAMS.

The sombre hues and weird aspect of "Old Orchard in Winter" have passed away. The sea is here; the tides flow in and out; the deep diapason of the more distant billows subsides by a graceful minuet as it approaches us. But sunnier skies have subdued its chill, and brightened its surface; forms undisguised by fashion, though fantastically adorned, scream with terror or delight as, seaward pressing, they part or tunnel the waves; Neptune still serves her unrivalled tonic in allopathic quantities, to be homeopathically or otherwise applied, at our discretion.

The beach is here, not encircled with winnows of ice, as when we last described it, but with children, writing names that shall perish in a day; with lovers, walking hand in hand; with single turnouts and spans, that splash the brine or shy at the encroaching wave; with the dry and the dripping, as, with significant glances, or ominous irony, they meet, and pass on; and with artists, imperfectly at best, seeking to transfer the scene to canvas. The wild grass skirts the shore with emerald, wavy and musical, like the sea; farther back, the shubbery adorns the slope with its varied foliage.

The hotels are here, but the doors are open now. Music rings through the halls. Every room is occupied. The muscle-workers, the brain-workers, the soul-workers, and the no-workers, from near and from far, are here, for rest and pleasure. Groups are in the parlors, and on the verandahs, talking sense and nonsense. Huge trunks are borne backward and forward along the sandy street. The dusty and travel-stained are registering their names, or directing the porter; while the homeward bound are squaring accounts, or consulting the time-tables.

In a contiguous, but quiet retreat, the feast of tabernacles is being held. Thither the tribes of our modern Israel go up. The tabernacles are increased this year by fifty. On commanding heights, in shady dells, by broad avenues, or quiet, winding paths, art seeks to supplement nature by the tasteful designs of these temporary homes. The work of improvement is visible everywhere. Our prophecy, that Old Orchard would rival Martha's Vineyard, is beginning to be verified. The vast amphitheater, pillared and frescoed by the God we serve, is often filled with worshippers. Eloquent voices are heard, crying in this wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord," and lifting up the standard by which alone the "good time coming" shall be reached and characterized. Battle-hymns and songs of victory, ringing through the forest, tell of the spiritual warfare and triumph being realized here. And, in the more solemn depths of the wilderness, "Fern Park" woos him who, alone, and face to face with God, would settle the questions of eternal destiny.

Old Orchard offers much of beauty and variety for the sanitary, esthetic, and spiritual needs of men. That so beautiful and desirable a spot is so easily and cheaply reached by the million, is due to the enterprise of the Boston and Maine Railroad; that, in bringing so many thousands here, from year to year, not a life has yet been sacrificed, is due to the sobriety and carefulness of the Superintendent, and the large force under his direction. We wonder how so many trains can be run with so few accidents of any kind. If any are disposed to complain that the trains are still too few, they should remember that it is a cardinal principle with the management of the road to run no more trains than is consistent with safety.

As, sitting midway on this grand old beach, stretching away five miles to the right and five miles to the left, I indulge in these reflections, I gaze once more far out to where the blue above meets the blue below,—

"Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

J. W. ADAMS.

Old Orchard, Aug. 12th.

A DIFFIDENT CHRISTIAN'S TRIALS.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Several years ago, there was a large and flourishing Sabbath-school in the town of N—. This institution had taken a deep hold on the affections of the Church, most of whose members manifested their interest in it in the best possible manner, viz., by their personal attendance. The school was often a scene of much religious awakening, when one and another, of different ages, were converted.

Mr. A., a member of the Church, was a conscientious Christian. His advantages for intellectual improvement had been quite limited, and what is not the case with every one in similar circumstances, he was sensible of his deficiency in this respect, and consequently was very diffident. For a long time he was unable to overcome this diffidence as to connect himself with a class in the Sabbath-school. He longed to be united with his brethren in the study of the Scriptures; he felt that it was the very thing for him; he needed just

such assistance in understanding the Bible as he should be likely to obtain. But he could not overcome his timidity; it was too great a trial to think of exposing his ignorance. Perhaps he had never heard of the adage, "not to know, is bad; not to ask, is worse."

But Mr. A. had also another trial; he knew that he was not only depriving himself of a rich privilege by standing aloof from the Sabbath-school, but he was also exerting a bad influence by his example on his unconverted neighbors. He was a professing Christian, and if he neglected the Sabbath-school many others might be encouraged to do the same. The thought of this was a severe trial to his feelings; and, after much study on the subject, he finally fixed on a plan by which he hoped to avoid exerting any unfavorable influence on others, however much he might suffer himself by yielding to his diffidence. The plan was this: every Sabbath, as soon as the morning services were closed, and the Sabbath-school began to assemble, he betook himself to the neighboring woods, and there, alone, passed his intermission. He hoped in this manner at least to prevent the injurious influence which his example would be likely to have on others, were he seen passing the Sabbath-school hours around the house of God.

This plan certainly deserves the attention of those professors of religion—if it were such—who are accustomed to spend their intermissions in groups around the sanctuary, under the horse-sheds, or, still worse, in the bar-room of the tavern, in company with their impudent neighbors, conversing about their farms and stock, "the times," the weather, etc.

We are happy to say that Mr. A. was at length enabled, after many struggles and prayers, so far to overcome his diffidence as to join a class in the Sabbath-school; and ere long he could hardly find terms sufficiently strong to describe the pleasure and the profit he was receiving in the social study of the Word of God. And we doubt not that every diffident Christian who will engage in the study of Scriptures in the same way will find a similar pleasure and profit.

Our Book Table.

We have noticed, from time to time, with words of strong commendation, the NOTES AND COMMENTS UPON THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Rev. Lyman Abbott, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., as they have been issued in serial numbers from the press. The books of Matthew and Mark are now completed, and issued in the form of a fine octavo volume. These "Notes," while giving a careful exegesis of the sacred text, and considering at length the difficulties that occur, suggest, in addition, practical inferences and lessons, and give ample illustrations for the benefit of Sunday-school instructors and pupils. It forms, altogether, a very satisfactory hand-book for the Bible teacher.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued another volume of their BRIC A BRAC SERIES, edited in so satisfactory a manner by R. H. Stoddard. The present work is entitled "Personal Reminiscences" by O'Keefe, Kelley, and Taylor. The first was a dramatist, the second a theatrical singer, and the latter an oculist and a chronicler of the society-talk of the times. They flourished at the close of the eighteenth century, and the interest of their personal journals is found in the familiar stories which they record of the literary notabilities of the hour. The volume forms an entertaining mélange.

THE TEACHER'S HAND-BOOK FOR THE INSTITUTE AND THE CLASS ROOM, by Wm. F. Phelps, M. A., Principal of the State Normal School, Winona, Minn. This is a very convenient and suggestive hand-book for teachers' associations, and for State and city school superintendents, in the work of organizing and turning to practical account educational institutes and conventions. It also forms a good manual for the examination of teachers, and for school committees in the supervision of their important charges.

From the same publishers we have received "THE SCHOOL, HOME AND TRUST BOOK FOR DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES," by J. D. Bartley. We are not experts in the musical line, and cannot express a critical opinion of these myriad books of modern music. This volume embodies more purely religious and devotional hymns and melodies than the ordinary school song books that we have examined. The hymns have been selected with excellent taste.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued a second volume in their series of "Ancient History from the Monuments." This second of the list is, "ASSYRIA, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE FALL OF NINEVEH," by George Smith, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. Mr. Smith is the highest authority in the symbolic literature of the ancient Assyrian empire. His noble volume, recounting the late explorations which have been made on the site of Nineveh, has attracted deservedly great attention. In this convenient manual he presents, in a clear manner, the authentic historical records which have been gathered from the unearthed monuments of this early empire. The series is a very valuable one, and will be a great addition to the adult Sunday-school library.

D. Lothrop & Co.'s WIDE AWAKE, No. 3, is out promptly, and fully sustains its claims upon young readers. Miss Eliza Farnham, the editor, shows excellent editorial tact in the selection of writers and the arrangement of her columns. The youngest children are not overlooked in the table of contents.

D. Appleton & Co. have issued, in a very handsome style, THE HUDSON ILLUSTRATED: A TOURIST'S GUIDE. It forms a large, royal octavo pamphlet of 50 pages. The cuts of towns and scenery along the shores of the noble river are very fine, and a good descriptive letter press accompanies them. The same publishers issue a new romance by Christian Reid, entitled A QUESTION OF HONOR. It is receiving appreciative notices from critical readers.

Harper & Brothers issue a fresh volume of Miss Mulock's works, entitled SERMONS OUT OF CHURCH. It contains six "lay discourses" upon attractive topics: "What is Self-sacrifice?" "Our Often Indulgence," "How to Train Up a Parent in the Way He Should Go," "Benevolence," "My Brother's Keeper," and "Gather Up the Fragments." They are freer in style, and less fortified with Scripture than pulpit discourses, but they are eminently sensible and profitable. These publishers also issue a fresh volume of a finely illustrated edition of Anthony Trollope's novels—THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. xiv. 21.

BY REV. E. W. ALLEN.

CLERICAL MORALS IN ROME.—Miss Emily B. Gould, a long resident of Rome, writing from 107 Via Babuino, gives the following appalling statement respecting the clerical morals in Rome:—

"For nearly fifteen years under the shadow of the Vatican, I know how deep and baneful is that shadow. If slavery has destroyed its thousands, Vaticanism has ruined, soul and body, its tens of thousands. So corrupt are the highest in clerical dignity in this city, that decent women will not live as servants in the houses where they visit, because they fear their outrageous insults. I know that an ecclesiastic, who has stood for years on the steps of the Papal throne, neither knows nor cares how many children he has. That their name is legion, and everybody else knows. I know that an American young girl, who was copying in the Vatican, had her rights disputed by an Italian woman, who based her pretensions on the simple fact that she was a Cardinal's plaything. I know that a Roman artist of distinction was condemned to long years of poverty because his wife would not break her marriage vow for one of these same petty-petted corrupters of society. I know—what I do not know of the horrors of this Church here, in its centre, in the abode of its head."

CEYLON.—Rev. John Kilmer, before the British Wesleyan Conference, on the progress of the Gospel in Ceylon, said:—"Some eighteen months ago I was sent to Ceylon for a specific work—to carry out a bold, aggressive attack upon heathenism, and came back to report what had been done. I had found that missionary labor was not romance, but downright hard work. We had to meet the apathy of the native Church, and to encounter great difficulties in securing the best sites for chapels; but we have triumphed. During the eighteen months we have begun and completed the greater part of eighty-four school chapels and native ministers' houses, and the £1,000 called forth from the natives £2,500. The buildings which had been erected will become centres of influence that eternity only could measure."

THE WORK ADVANCING.—The recent reports to the Church Missionary Society, from different countries, are most encouraging.

During the year 100 inhabitants of Foochow have accepted the Christian religion, and been baptized; 34 adults have been baptized at Ningpo, and 16 at Peking; 3 new members have been received into the Church at Bangkok; 12 accessions to the Church connected with the Tungchow station are reported; 8 to the Church at Yedo; while a Church of 7 members has recently been organized at St. Carlos, Brazil. Mr. Hutchinson reports an addition of 19 to the Church under his care in Mexico; the Church among the Seminoles received 1 new member; Church at Gaboon, 1; and the Church at King Tom's Town, Liberia, 1.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

On the 20th ult. a missionary expedition to Lake Nyassa sailed from London. It is sent out by the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches, and is under the leadership of Mr. E. D. Young. Her Majesty's government entirely approve of the expedition.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland carries on an extensive missionary work in Africa, West Indies, India, Japan and China, and expends annually \$200,000 in those fields, in which it has 56 ordained European missionaries, 7 of them being medical graduates.

The Free Church Record reports a great work of grace among the Santals of India. Many of the children and youth are brought into the schools, several of whom have become interested in the Christian religion.

New Zealand is experiencing a wonderful change under the Gospel. The truth is taking a deep hold on the people, and the native Christians are illustrating most strikingly the power of the Christian religion to save the degraded heathen.

The missionary movements in Japan are important, and promise great results for Christianity there. The prospect is good for its triumph at no distant day in that empire.

A BISHOP FOR INDIA.

BY REV. E. W. PARKER.

The question of a Bishop for India, or for India and China, has often been discussed; but in the past the missionaries in India have been almost, or quite unanimous in opposing such an appointment, and once or twice have passed resolutions against it. A great change, however, has taken place in our work during the past three years, and consequently a great change in sentiment concerning a General Superintendent for India. The missionaries are perhaps as unanimously in favor of it now as they were opposed to it before. Some of the reasons for this change of opinion are given below:—

Our work has spread all over India. Formerly we were confined to Oudh and Rohilkand, and almost entirely to work among the natives. Now, through the very successful labors of Bro. Taylor, our Church has been established in nearly all of the great centres of India, and among all classes

of people. Thus God has opened our way, and our Church is organized, and ready for a glorious work in all India. New openings are constantly appearing, and new calls are being made, as Methodists remove to different stations, or write their friends of what the Lord has done for them. It seems a wonderful providence that has thus opened India to the American Methodists, and given them such access to all the people. We have preachers in English for Europeans, Eurasians, and the multitude of educated natives; in Hindostani for the Mohammedans and the Hindus of the North-west; in Bengali for Calcutta and vicinity; and in Tamil for Southern India. Nothing can be clearer than that such a work, spreading all over India, should have a General Superintendent—one who can direct the work, keep it one, in all its languages and classes, make appointments anywhere in the field, and give a steady hand to the entire movement.

The present is a golden opportunity. A class of Europeans and Eurasians, being almost entirely neglected by chaplains, is especially accessible to us. Natives are becoming educated, more and more, and Hindoos are slowly but surely giving up their old views of religion, and looking for something more satisfactory—first in the old tenets of their own religion, and then elsewhere. Many teachers and small professors are making earnest efforts to lead these educated youths to disbelieve in a mediator, to reject the idea of miracles, or of direct answer to prayer, and to accept a kind of theism or rationalism.

Now, at this point, when some change must take place, and when ritualism, Romanism, and rationalism are awake, watching their opportunities, among both Europeans and educated natives, Methodism has taken the field as no other Church has done or can do. Our practical, experimental, pointed way of preaching the Gospel, and calling upon witnesses to testify of its truth, is just adapted, with God's blessing, to confront these false views. The success of the laborers, thus far, is well known; but the siege is but just commenced. Can such a warfare be carried on efficiently and persistently without a General? We think not.

A Superintendent residing in America, visiting us once in four years, or even once each year, cannot intelligently direct such a movement as this. He must be where he can know the people, and understand all the peculiarities of their country, and of their manners of life. He must be where he can meet emergencies as they arise, for emergencies of various kinds will surely arise in this new work, such as no one at a distance can meet. Such an extensive and growing work requires a Bishop in India, just as the work in Bishop Ashby's time especially demanded one in America.

It will not be sufficient to have superintendents over separate Districts, or Missions, as the entire work should be one. There is much work that a Presiding Elder, or a Superintendent of a certain section, cannot do, that a General Superintendent could do, at once. He could keep the whole work supplied, and all working in harmony. He could secure supplies of men, and represent our entire interests financially as no local Superintendent could do. In short, if Methodism would occupy this vast field now offered to her, and do her full part towards the overthrow of idolatry, formalism, theism and infidelity, as God would have her do, she must come to this work with all her machinery in working order. It has been doubted whether all the appliances of our Church are the best possible for carrying on an old work; but I never heard a doubt expressed concerning their fitness for a new field and new work.

We, however, do not want a Missionary Bishop of the African stamp; we desire a *bona fide* Bishop, according to the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose residence shall be India. We desire that he may be supported like any other Bishop, the India Church taking regular collections towards it. It is well known that our work among the Europeans and Eurasians, and some of it among the natives, is already self-supporting, and that the interests of our Church are well sustained; and it is believed that the balance to be paid by our Book Concern towards a Bishop residing in India would be very small indeed.

It has been objected to a Bishop residing in India, that a visiting Bishop keeps up a connection between the Church at home and the work in India. We believe, however, that if a Bishop were to go home to the General Conference once in four years from India, and be there to represent our entire work, and also spend from four to six months, before and after the Conference, visiting Conferences, preachers' meetings and Churches, he could let the Church know more of our work than could be done in any other way; and returning, he could at his leisure give the Church here the greetings of their American brethren.

Will the next General Conference fix the residence of one Bishop in India?

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Rev. Ephraim Thierien, a Roman Catholic priest, has been admitted into the Protestant Episcopal Church in Indiana as a Deacon, without reordination, as his ordination by a Catholic Bishop was considered valid. Had he gone into the Episcopal Church from the Presbyterian, Congregational, or any other Protestant denomination, his reordination would have been a neces-

sity, which might indicate that the Episcopal Church is closer in spirit to the Church of Rome than to Protestant bodies.

Efforts are making in New York city for the conversion of the Chinese residing there. A night school has been established for them, which has been patronized to some extent, and a room has been fitted up, and furnished with books and papers. In one of the Sunday-schools of the city missions Chinese are found in some of the classes.

The Dusseldorf correspondent of the London Guardian writes, on the 17th of July: "Bishop Reinke has confirmed eighty-three children in the Palatinate, and seventy in three towns in Westphalia within the last few weeks. He is now to proceed to Baden for a similar purpose. In Kaiserslautern the Bishop said in the course of his address that if fifty to a hundred efficient priests were to place themselves at his disposal he could find them all parishes within three months. But they come in very slowly, and one by one. Another priest from the Tyrol, a Franciscan, has just joined the Old Catholics, and has undertaken a Baden parish.

American Churchmen are invited, through a letter to Bishop Kerfoot, to attend the Old Catholic congress in Breslau on the 20th inst.

Parker Pillsbury is reported as reporting that, on a visit to the West, he found the Free Religious organizations to be either declining or to have disappeared altogether.

The Republic of Costa Rica grants religious liberty to all sects and religions. It has a population of 1,000,000 inhabitants, and but one Protestant minister in all the land. An appeal has been made to the Methodists of the United States to send missionaries thither.

A statue of Richard Baxter has been erected in Kidderminster. The Bishop of Worcester and Dean Stanley were among those present at its unveiling.

The Bishop of London having forbidden the use of the "wafer" at the sacrament, at St. Alban's the congregation simply adjourned to another church, where they celebrated the communion in the very way condemned by their superior. Whereupon his lordship forbade the curates of St. Alban's from officiating in any other churches in his Diocese.

At the late Annual Conference Rev. Dr. Antiff stated that "a few years ago his own father died, and he placed on his tombstone these simple words: 'Many fall as sudden, not as safe.' The Vicar employed a stonemason to cut the words out, and they remain cut out to this day. The Bishop of London (then Dr. Jackson, Bishop of Lincoln) was said to have examined the stone, and to have reprimanded the vicar, but he never made any efforts to bind up the wounds that had been made on the feelings of the bereaved family." It was also stated that "in 1840 a clergyman refused to bury a child who had been baptized by a Wesleyan minister. They took legal action on the subject, and, at a cost of £800, had obtained the decision that baptism by the humble Nonconformist minister was as valid in the eyes of the law as baptism by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Speaking of the high pressure way of living, at the present time, and the suggestion of a "temperance contemporary," that alcoholic drinks ought to be superseded by water, the editor of the Methodist (London) favors a *media via*. "Modern society," it says, "is more highly artificial, the strain of modern life far tatter than that of simple times; and it may be well asked whether we do not need stimulants of which primitive people never felt the want." We should draw a far different inference.

There is a mission in London for the benefit of its 12,000 cabmen, with services on Sunday and through the week in a mission hall. More than 1000 have become teetotallers and members of Christian Churches.

Representatives of all the Churches in England unite in supporting the "Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill," known in this country as "Local Option." At a recent meeting, called to support the second reading of the bill in Parliament, Cardinal Manning moved the resolution, and Mr. S. D. Walling, an M. P. and a Wesleyan, another. The Cardinal's resolution called on Parliament either to deal directly with intemperance or let the people do so.

The government agent for preventing the circulation of vile literature through the post-office, Mr. Anthony Comstock, caused several offenders to be arrested in New York, on the 10th, and more are to be served in the same way. We wish him all possible success in his good work.

The Bible has been translated by Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Van Dyck into the Arabic language, which is spoken by more than 90,000,000 of people.

The Pope, in an allocution to some Roman nobles, made a violent attack on Victor Emmanuel, in which he said, "I reiterate the protests already made against the usurpations, of every kind, which are an enormous contradiction of the explicit promise of preserving, in our favor, a conservative action."

So the Pope preaches revolution and war. In the same address he said, "Spain, amid all her difficulties, with firmness and constancy, demands Catholic unity." "Catholic unity" means the non-tolerance and persecution of Protestants. If that is right and good in Spain, why not in the United States? Principles are not bounded by localities. This address is published with approval in American Catholic journals. Or

course, for is not the Pope "infallible?"

The Primitive Methodists of England have 164,000 members, 1,000 traveling preachers, 14,000 local preachers, 9,000 class leaders, 49,000 Sunday-school teachers. "About 2,000 or 3,000" have died during the year.

There is a new Reformed Episcopal Church at Newburgh, N. Y.

THE INDIAN PEACE POLICY.

The Board of Indian Commissioners have issued the following address to the public:—

TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC: The Board of Indian Commissioners present this brief address to the Christian communities of the land, none of whose missionary organizations we may regard as our particular constituents.

First. The present policy of the government toward the Indians is eminently humane and Christian, and should command the aid and support of all religious bodies and all Christian men. That policy is peace. It proposes the government of the 300,000 Indians in the land by moral and religious means; to civilize and elevate them by the same agencies used by Christian missions throughout the world, supplemented by such aid and succor as the government can give. To this end not only every member of this board, but nearly all the eighty Indian agents who disburse the bounties of the government to the Indians, are appointed on the nomination of the various missionary societies or religious bodies which have missions among them. The co-operation of the government with these religious bodies is not formal, but is full, generous, and cordial.

Second. This policy, despite the assaults upon it, has been eminently successful. The Indians are taking on the dress, manners, habits and occupations of civilized life. The children are being educated in our own tongue, and with the parents, are being taught the industries useful for support and prosperity in a civilized state. The exceptions to this rule are mainly among three or four large and powerful bands of Sioux Indians, under able chiefs, who occupy a wild region in the high altitudes of the Rocky Mountains. These chiefs desire no teachers or preachers, and no instruction, either in books or in civilized arts. But even among these wild bands there is a marked improvement, and great promise in the line of peace, order and quiet for the future.

Third. Much and increasing care is taken by the religious bodies in selecting men for appointments as agents. Some of these larger agencies require talents in the agent of a higher class than can easily be commanded by the small salaries affixed by law. It would not seem strange, therefore, if now and then one prove incompetent, or, considering the infirmities of our nature and the unscrupulous character of some of the contractors and traders with whom they are brought in contact, now and then one should become corrupt; but we feel confident that in this department the government was never so honestly served as at the present time. There is no hesitation on the part of the government to remove agents, on our recommendation, who are proved to be incompetent or corrupt. Neither this Board nor the government would be justified in accepting loud-mouthed accusations for proof of guilt, especially in view of the fact that most of the charges of fraud and incompetency come from disappointed contractors and traders, whose hope of gains, under the more careful letting of contracts and rigid inspection of supplies, is gone. Nor, on the other hand, would they be justified in withholding the most rigid investigation when, as in some cases, charges are made by respectable and responsible parties.

Fourth. We are not aware of the existence of any "rings" in connection with the Indian service differing at all from the "rings" or combinations which are seen by all shrewd men in connection with the letting of all large contracts in other public or in private service. Where there is a carcass, the vultures will gather. It is the duty of this board to watch, and as far as possible to circumvent the success of these combinations, and thus secure for the Government and for the Indian the largest benefit to be derived from the Government appropriations. The experience of the past, we trust, has been advantageous; and while the administration of this year, in respect to purchasing, inspecting and forwarding annuity goods, has been as careful as possible, we are resolved upon as careful a disbursement through the agents as can be had through our own personal oversight and such helps as the law provides. It is due to the Government to say that in this matter we are not hindered, but aided in every way allowed by the law.

Much of the present clamor is raised and promoted by bad men, and is aimed at this humane policy with a desire to destroy it, even though its destruction should lead to the extermination of the Indians. We cannot, therefore, close this address without asking earnest attention to the fact that for several years the Indian service, as a whole and in detail, has been, and still is, virtually within the supervision and control of the religious bodies of the country; and upon them and the Christian community will rest, to a large extent, the ultimate success of the policy of humanity and justice in our dealings with the remnants of that once powerful race.

Clinton B. Fisk, John D. Lang, B. Rush Roberts, E. A. Hayt, E. M. Kingsley, William Stickney, A. C. Barstow, F. H. Smith, Board of Indian Commissioners.

Long Branch, July 27, 1875.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Aug. 24, 1875.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$2.25 @ 2.50; extra, \$4.00 @ 4.50; Michigan, \$7.00 @ 7.50; St. Louis, \$7.25 @ 7.50; Southern Flour, \$6.50 @ 7.00.

COFFEE—Mixed and Yellow, 88 @ 90 c. bush.

RYE—74 @ 80 c. bushel.

RYE—\$1.15 @ 1.00 c. bushel.

SHRUBS—\$2.50 @ 3.00 c. ton.

FINE FEED—\$5.00 @ 5.00 c. ton.

ESPRESSO—Timothy Hay, \$2.00 @ 2.20 c. bush; Red Top, \$2.00 @ 2.20 c. bush; R. 1. Bent, \$2.00 @ 2.20 c. bush; Clover, 14 @ 16 c. lb.

APPLES—\$3.00 @ 3.00 c. bush.

POKE—\$2.50 @ 2.50 c. bush; Lard, 10 @ 12 c.; Hams, 14 c. lb.

BUTTER—20 @ 20 c.

CHEESE—Factory, 8 @ 12 c.

EGGS—20 @ 20 c. per doz. for Eastern Pressed.

POTATOES—\$1.50 @ 2.00 c. bush.

BEANS—Extra, \$2.25 @ 2.50 c. 000; medium, \$1.50 @ 1.50 c. bush.

POULTRY—20 @ 24 c. per lb. D.

TURNIPS—8 @ 10 c. bush.

HERBS—20 @ 40 c. bush.

CABBAGE—60 @ 10 c. bush.

DRIED APPLES—5 @ 12 c. lb.

GREEN FRUIT—\$2.00 @ 4.00 c. bush.

SPRINGS BEANS—\$2.00 @ 2.50 c. bush.

FRESH TOMATOES—\$2.00 @ 2.50 c. bush.

CABBAGE—\$4 @ 10 c. head.

ONIONS—\$4 @ 10 c. bush.

BRISKS—\$2 @ 1.50 c. bush.

MARROW SQUASH—\$1.50 @ 2.00 c. bush.

PEARS—\$1.50 @ 2.00 c. bush.

PEACHES—10 @ 10 c. bush.

REMARKS.—Fresh tomatoes have suddenly declined; blackberries very plenty and cheap. Pork, lard and hams steady. Eggs dull.

We have a large assortment of the CUSTOM-MADE CARRIAGES, suitable for City, Country, or seaside, which we are now selling at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Also, SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES AT GREAT BARGAINS.

Kimball Brothers,

110 & 112 SUDBURY ST., BOSTON.

St. Cloud Hotel.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE.

The St. Cloud Hotel was built two years ago, and is pleasantly located upon one of the finest points of Old Orchard Beach. It is eighty feet long on the water, and contains rooms for twenty-five guests, with piano and broad platform running the entire length on the front. The Hotel is directly on the sea wall, and commands a grand view of this admirable beach stretching away for miles on either hand, and affording excellent drives. Its sweep of the bay is unlimited, and has won for the house an enviable reputation for the fine views of the ocean.

Guests here are surrounded with the comforts of a home, and to those persons desiring quiet it is especially desirable. The facilities for sea bathing are admirable. There is a fine open sand beach, so shallow is the water, and the descent into the same so gradual that bathing by invalids and children is rendered quite easy.

The Old Orchard station on the Boston & Maine Railroad is within two minutes' walk of the house, and telegraphic as well as mail facilities are admirable.

While the beach is inviting to travelers from May till November, the finest month of all the year is June. Those who visit the beach that month will avoid a crowd, and at the same time have an opportunity to enjoy the fine sea breezes of early summer.

Board can be obtained from \$1 to \$2.50 per day according to room occupied, and according to meals or otherwise promptly answered. The house will be opened June 1st.

MRS. E. MANSON,

Proprietress.

CHICKERING

PIANO-FORTES.

Over 46,000 made and sold.

These instruments have been before the public for more than 50 years, and still maintain their excellence and high reputation as the Standard Piano of America.

The Prices of these instruments are as low as the exclusive use of first-class materials and workmanship will allow.

Pianos sold on easy monthly payments, at regular catalogue prices.

Catalogues and price lists mailed free, on application to

CHICKERING & SONS,

150 Tremont st., Boston.

11 East 14th st., New York.

THE OLDEST AND THE BEST

IN THE WORLD.

100 YEARS AGO

WALTER BAKER & CO. began the manufacture of their celebrated

Chocolate, Cocoa and Broma.

Its standard of excellence and purity has won for it a world-wide reputation, and the various MEDALS at the Paris and Vienna Expositions, and at all the Principal Exhibitions of the World, over all competitors.

THE FINEST VANILLA Chocolate and the German Sweet Chocolate. Their

Breakfast Cocoa is the great desideratum of Dyspeptics and those afflicted with weak nerves.

Racahout des Arabes is an excellent food for invalids, and is prepared in conformity with the Hygienic and Spiced Dealers throughout the country.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

WANTED—Homes for Boys.

The "Fall River Children's Home" has several boys, about twelve years of age, which it wishes to place out with responsible families, where they can be taught to make themselves useful. References required of applicants.

Address—"Cor. Sec. of Children's Home," Box 505, Fall River, Mass.

EDUCATIONAL.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute.

For ladies and gentlemen, \$40 for board and Common English per term of 18 weeks. Winter term Dec. 10, Spring term March 25. Six courses of study: Commercial, Scientific, Classical, Eclectic, College preparatory, and Professional preparatory, or the student may select any three studies. Higher tuition to clergyman's families and to those intending to be ministers, one-third discount. For self-boarded, good and accessible rooms with heavy furniture at \$4 per term. Fifteen teachers. Superior brick buildings. Twenty years of prosperity. Address for catalogues or rooms:

JOS. E. KING, D. D., Fort Edward, N. Y.

LABORATORY FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Attractive home; best instruction in all branches; special care of health, manners and morals; 100 rare books; only \$25.00. Address early by mail. Next year begins Sept. 25. Address early to CHARLES C. BRADGON, Principal.

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. The next term of this institution will commence on Thursday, Sept. 16, 1875. Admission of candidates on the 15th. For catalogue or information, address, J. F. HURST, D. D., Madison, New Jersey.

BRADFORD ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES. Year opens Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1875. For admission apply to Rev. John D. Kingsbury, Sec., Bradford, Mass.

Troy Conference Academy, POULTRY, VT. Fall Term begins Sept. 1st. For catalogues or information, address the Principal, Rev. MARTIN E. CADY, A. M.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY, College of Liberal Arts. The Entrance Examination will be held Sept. 27, at 10 A. M. The Fall Term commences Sept. 25, at 9 A. M. J. W. LINDSAY.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY, Wilbraham, Mass. The Fall Term of this institution will commence Wednesday, Aug. 26th, and continue thirteen weeks. Further information may be obtained by sending for Catalogue. N. FELLOWS, Principal.

English, French and German FAMILY AND DAY SCHOOL. Miss M. Louise Putnam. Will open the tenth year of her School, at her residence, No. 68 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass., Sept. 10, 1875.

Refers by permission to her patron, R. H. Rev. Benjamin D. Padlock, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts; also to Right Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D., Bishop of New York; Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., Harvard University.

Teachers may be obtained by addressing Miss Putnam.

Gannett Institute for Young Ladies, BOSTON, MASS. Twenty-three Professors and Teachers. In connection with the Institute, a Normal School for American Female College. The 25th year will begin Wednesday, September 1st, 1875. For Catalogue and Circulars, apply to Rev. George Gannett, Principal, 68 Chester Square, Boston, Mass.

VERMONT METHODIST SEMINARY. —AND— FEMALE COLLEGE. Offers thorough instruction in the following Courses and Departments, all of which are open to both sexes, on equal terms:—

College Preparatory Course of three years; Course of four years, including the Seminary Course; Business Course of one year, and Telegraphic and English Department.

Additional charges moderate. Board exclusive of washing, fuel and light \$3 per week. Rooms for self-boarded (for two occupants) from \$7 to \$12 per week. Fall Term, 1875, opens August 28, and closes November 25. Winter Term, 1875, opens December 5, and closes February 15th. Spring Term, 1876, opens March 8, and closes May 15th. Address the Principal, Seminary Hill, Montpelier, Vt.

RURAL HOME SCHOOL. Boys fitted for college, or business, in a good country home, with a genuine lake, ample playground, and beautiful climate, under the care of a qualified teacher. Tuition, board and laundry included in \$5. The school year, of 40 weeks, begins Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1875. For circulars address J. M. RACHELOR, 18 Cow Rural Home, Fowall, Vt.

Chauncy Hall School, 250-265 ROYALTON ST., BOSTON. The Forty-ninth year begins September 13.

The School includes a KINDERGARTEN, PREPARATORY and UPPER DEPARTMENTS, and a course of instruction in the following:—

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The names of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year, month, and day to which it is paid. If this date does not correspond with the date of the paper, the subscriber should notify the Publisher immediately.

Postmasters and subscribers wishing to stop a paper, or change its direction, should be very particular to give the name of the post-office to which it has been sent, as well as the one to which they wish it sent.

Persons desiring to stop the paper should write to the office of publication, and be careful to forward the amount due; for a subscriber is legally bound as long as the paper may be sent, if the arrears remain unpaid.

Communications which we are unable to publish will be returned to the writer, if the request to do so is made at the time they are sent, and the requisite stamps are enclosed. It is generally useless to make this request at any subsequent time. Articles are frequently rejected which, if sent to us, would have been published. Anonymous communications go into the waste-basket at once, unless the name is given.

Articles are paid for only when this is expressly stipulated.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1875.

What have you to show, dear reader, for the hours of release from labor, and for the considerable outlay of money with which you have indulged yourself during the last month? We trust, a noticeable accession of physical vigor and a relief from some irritating bodily infirmities. We hope you have returned to your homes with a good stock of health and strength, eager to renew your services in your appointed lines of labor. We trust you have not, in the freedom of hours of recreation, lost in any measure the vigor of your spiritual life. Some of our readers have combined rest and spiritual refreshment in their choice of scenes for the summer vacation. You have renewed your covenant with the Lord. The old peace, with the divine persuasion of your adoption into the heavenly family, has returned once more to your heart. Now concentrate body and soul upon Him who has lifted upon you the light of His countenance, and enter, in the freshness of your revived faith, upon your Christian work. Do not sacrifice your health by recklessly exhausting your renewed energies. Above all, do not lose the inexpressibly valuable spiritual reviving which you have received, by neglecting your daily duties, and forgetting the divine claims upon you. Whatever you do, whether you eat or drink, do all to the glory of God; and whatever your hand findeth to do, do with your might.

Some of our readers have nothing to show for their many weeks of vacation. They have wearied themselves with long and expensive journeys, they have stopped at fashionable hotels, where there has been little comfort, much fatigue and irritations, and which the liveliest remembrance brought away has been the astonishing ingenuity exhibited by the clerk in making up the exaggerated bill for a few days' boarding. Some of them have worked harder during the heated term, in the excessive effort to take pleasure, in walking, boating, and social amusements, than in the regular labors of home-life. They return, exhausted, dissatisfied, and weary of themselves and everything else. Make a resolution, and write it where it will be likely to be seen next summer, never to be guilty of such an expensive and perilous folly again. The true idea of the summer respite is rest and refreshment. Find a quiet place; the less the expense, the better. The greater the opportunity for repose. We live in such a hurry, and amid such a constant bustle, that we have no time to become fully acquainted with ourselves. It would be an invaluable acquaintance to form, if we could be for a short period situated so as to secure a favorable and full knowledge of our own peculiarities, and to have a familiar communion with our own families. "I long," said an eccentric friend, "to get away from society, where I may learn, in quiet reflection, what about me is really myself, and what is John Smith."

Many children have been interested in the exciting meetings which have been held for them at the numerous camp-meetings. They have begun lives of prayer, and have discovered an interest they never felt before in the Bible. It will be a severe shock to their weak faith when they return from these protracted religious services, away from temptation, to the society of their former companions. They are heavily overcast, but they are still children. They need loving and constant care. Christian parents and pastors and people are their natural and providential guides and instructors. They should be at once gathered into religious classes, under the wisest and tenderest of leaders. Woman is ordinarily the happiest shepherd for the lambs. A Church always assumes a solemn responsibility when it assumes the spiritual anxieties of children, and calls them to a consecrated life. She tacitly promises, in giving the invitation, to gather them into her bosom, and nourish them with the sincere milk of the Word. First of all, as Church work is resumed at home, remember the children.

The old power of the Cross is not lost. In one of the Youth tents, at the late camp-meeting, a young man from one of our highest city social circles, educated from his childhood in an atmosphere of worldliness, of doubt as to revealed truth, of disbelief in experimental piety, and with simply naturalistic views of religion, if any at all, being providentially present, was attracted by the address of the pastor, and the social exercise that followed. At the close of the sermon he expressed the interest that had been created in his heart. The impression was followed up with wise, tender, experimental counsels. The young man found himself strangely affected. Never in his frank testimony, since the perils of the hour of battle, had he been conscious of such strange emotions. With the deepest feeling he entreated the assistance of the prayers of Christians, and pledged himself to examine, in the new light he had received, the claims of God upon him. It was not an apology for religion, nor an attack upon the strongholds of doubt, nor an exhibition of the invincible proofs of revealed truth, but it was the Gospel itself, in its simple, divine and unquestionable influence upon a human heart and life, that arrested his attention and awakened his convictions. It is the Gospel that still saves.

There is a strong expectation that those eminently successful laborers in the Master's vineyard, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, now that they have returned to this country, will enter into the same evangelistic work in their native land which they have prosecuted with such remarkable devotion and wisdom in Great Britain. They are both now enjoying a few weeks of needed rest. They have already made a few en-

agements for the fall. We earnestly pray that the same divine blessing may rest richly upon them and their labors. But it is not necessary to wait for them to lead in the work. They cannot be everywhere; but Christ can! Where Christ leads, there is always victory. There is nothing mysterious in the modes of these simple-hearted Christian laymen. They have heartily consecrated themselves unto God, and entered into the field wherever there was an open door. We may all follow their example, emulate their unselfish devotion, and utter, with the talent and grace that God bestows, the same "old, old story, of Jesus and His love." This course has never yet failed of spiritual results, although the remarkable public interest and excitement of the great English revival may not always have followed. A Pentecost, with three thousand saved at once, was never repeated; but souls have been saved, in smaller numbers, ever since.

NOT ANXIOUS, BUT EARNEST.

It is not to be disguised that many excellent Christian people, in the ministry and membership, are at the present moment greatly perplexed in their religious experience by the teachings of the hour in reference to the higher life, as it is termed. They are heartily in earnest to place themselves in full conformity with the will and Spirit of God. They read the abundant current literature upon the subject; they attend the multiplied series of meetings specially devoted to the consideration of the highest forms of Christian experience; they persevere, with a great heart-longing for a common experience, the records of the remarkable religious exercises through which others have passed; and they sincerely pray, in secret places, for the full establishment of Christ's kingdom in their hearts, and the subjugation of every affection to His rule. Still they find no parallel states of mind and feeling within themselves, corresponding to the exuberant testimonies of some of the modern teachers of holiness; they are often confused and bewildered by the conflicting opinions of different expounders of the doctrine, stunned and disconcerted by the noise and confusion of the public services held to enable seeking souls to find One who is infinitely more eager to come to them than they can be to meet Him, and greatly baffled and discouraged in their efforts to reach a state of grace "without which no man can see the Lord."

One, not apprehending the weakness of the flesh, or familiar with the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ, looking upon the praying circle at one of these great public services held to aid souls in the work of trusting in Christ for a full redemption, could hardly feel inferring that, of all blessings that God bestows upon His creatures, the one that is most reluctant to give is a holy heart; and that only after the most violent struggle, aided by the persistent importunity of those that had already found favor in His sight, could this signal blessing be obtained. How unlike is all this to the simple, sweet and free profusion of the richest grace of the Gospel in the New Testament! How different the atmosphere of this Book from that which pervades some of these services. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good things to your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." God encourages us to pray for daily bread, with the assurance that our prayer will be heard. Much more will He respond for the bread of life will He respond. He never slumbers. He is not fickle. He never changes. He always loves us as to measure His grace in our behalf only by the gift of His Son. There is nothing He seeks in us so constantly as a likeness to Himself. He is continually drawing us to become partakers of the divine nature. We are never an attitude more grateful to Him than when opening our hearts to permit Him to establish His kingdom there, and offering ourselves, our talents and substance, for His service. The greater includes the less. Having spared not His Son, He cannot and will not withhold the adequate grace to accomplish in us the full measure of the work of redemption. We have but to place ourselves upon the full breadth of the divine provision, and to await the combined testimony of consciousness and the Holy Spirit to the creative work within—not in passive suspense, not in agonized restlessness, but in obedient activity in the work of the Lord. If we do His will we shall know, or be satisfied, as to the divine character of the grace bestowed upon us.

Now, the great difficulty is the failure in making this deliberate and entire surrender to God. It is not simply a passive work. It is a "living" sacrifice. It is a gift of the body, as well as soul—of all endowments, talents, substance. It is a deliberate and solemn choice of God—His law, as a rule of life, His will in the decision of all questions of duty or desire. It is the immediate and constant use of everything, thus bestowed, in accordance with the providential answer to the unceasing prayer, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" In the midst of such a surrender of the heart and life God will as certainly come into His temple, thus set apart to His service, as He did into the glorious courts of Solomon, when the king spread forth his hands within it, and gave it to God, and begged His acceptance of the service.

But it is a mistake to prejudice the character of this divine attestation. God has, in some instances that we have known, vouchsafed glorious visions. In some of these instances, like as in the case of St. Paul, those who have received them have not been disobedient to these divine disclosures.

In many other cases, however, these ecstatic revelations have not been authenticated by the specially holy and consecrated lives of those that have received them. These, however, are entirely exceptional experiences. They are not the subject of New Testament promises. They are not necessary to a high and holy character. They do not awaken more love to Christ, or Christian heroism. They are not to be sought for. God knows best the necessities of individual experience. He distributes spiritual gifts with a sovereign hand, but He never withholds the saving grace in its utmost efficiency.

The modern modes of securing, in great bodies, and in seasons and scenes of great excitement, these spiritual gifts, tend to create false expectations as to the operations of the Holy Spirit, and to hinder conscientious and thoughtful Christians from an immediate trust in Christ, and from a hearty and active consecration to His service. The way to Jesus ought not to seem a difficult one, even if strait. He never repels. We have not to persuade Him to do His work, nor have we to beseech, with any anxiety, the Holy Spirit to come to our aid. He never even leaves, except He is driven away, and always grieves when He goes. There is no impediment to entire harmony with God but our own wills. "Will thou be made whole?" Yield this, and the work is done! But how much is involved in yielding the will!

ALLIANCE BETWEEN THRONE AND ALTAR.

The great question of connection between Church and State in Europe is now receiving fresh attention, from the fact that it is just at present taking a very curious turn. The Catholic Church, in some quarters, pressing the matter of separation for the sake of being free from State control, while the Liberal party is less inclined to favor the matter, because they begin to think that the liberty of the Church, on the field of self-development, would be likely to lead to license, as it is now doing in this country—a fact recently alluded to on the floor of the German Parliament, as a warning to the German people.

The elasticity of the Church in this regard is worthy of attention. Dupanloup, the famous French prelate, now member of the French Assembly, has just engineered a bill through that body for the first step in this matter in France—namely, the "liberty of education," which in fact means nothing else than the liberty to the Church of establishing its own higher schools, free from the control and oversight of the State. This liberty of education was a little too much for French Liberals, who opposed a measure they saw would put an instrument of power in the hands of the Ultramontanes, who finally triumphed, and are now exulting at the liberty gained.

One cannot but admire the astuteness of a Church that makes "alliance between throne and altar" its watchword, in this yielding of one of its cardinal doctrines for the sake of gaining its ends. A Pope once said, "he who will raise a prostrate man must stoop to do it"—that is, stoop to conquer; and thus this Church does not hesitate to yield the sternness of its principles for the sake of gaining its point. Jesuitical arguments work both ways, and in the course of history the Church under their control has shown itself to have a very flexible back-bone. The proof of this flexibility was never more pointedly shown than at the close of the last century. The too free development of the Church in regard to its temporal power had not alone injured it, but also the cause of religion. Religious life had become a dead mechanism, and a medley of forms, from which the spirit had departed. It was little else than a mass of crude superstition, that did violence to all the teachings of science, and opened bolt and bar to the opposite extreme of unbelief.

Intelligent men began to tear themselves loose from the Church, with a sense of disgust for its mummeries, which left no place for true religious feeling, and buried it up with external glitter and ceremony. Shallow frivolity and open unbelief began to take possession of the minds of men, which opened the way to the famous "age of reason." Even the State then felt induced to make violent inroads into the life of the Church. It had given the care of spiritual interests over to the Church, and provided the latter with all the means of cultivating the hearts and elevating the souls of the people. But it saw itself deceived in this regard, because the Church had proved itself unworthy of the task, and had degraded and endangered the morality of the nations. It then thought to find a remedy in cutting off the diseased excrescences that had grown up on its surface, and by the knife of reform to again make it capable of its high office. In the application of this remedy the State was not always careful of its patient; for under the rule of an arbitrary sovereign the measures have at times been severe. In this commingling of throne and altar the boundary lines were never very well defined, and thus both parties were at times liable to excesses and inroads on one another, and the result was, that the State has at times undertaken to solve the problem, instead of forcing the Church to perform its own duty.

The clergy in its better elements was often, during the dark days of Jesuitical rule, not at all unwilling to have the State take upon itself the power, for they well knew that the abolition of the order of Jesuits, which was wholly responsible for this demoralization of the condition of the Church, had taken

place at the pressing demand of the temporal powers, and that an insurmountable barrier of material interests of the leaders of the Church, from Bishop to Pope, lay in the way of reform; and that, without this interference of the States, there was no help for the Church. But matters were very materially changed, at the commencement of the present century. The French Revolution had not only destroyed the Church, but also the previous monarchical State. No wonder then that the scattered remnants of the clergy, after this fearful era, gathered again together, under a native leader in Rome, after the fall of Napoleon, to complete a new alliance with its companion in misfortune and oppression—the legitimate monarchy of the Bourbons, especially as the trials and sufferings of tedious and bloody wars had awakened the religious element in the hearts of the people, and startled it from its long slumber.

The restoration of the Pope to his temporal rule was one of the first fruits of this revival of the monarchical power in legitimate hands; and the return of the Jesuitical order was hailed with joy rather than distrust by the restored monarchs, because they saw in this measure an alliance between throne and altar that would give them an element of strength at that period. The German governments especially considered it their most important duty to restore to their respective spheres the scattered fragments of the Catholic institutions; and we need scarcely add that Rome knew well how to take advantage of these new conditions. In all her negotiations with the separate German crowns and powers she had labored assiduously for the great order of the day, which had been passed all along the Jesuitical lines, and this watchword was, "alliance between throne and altar." And now, according to the favor or the disfavor of the political temperature rose or fell, thus rose and fell the thermometer of clerical pretensions, until the close of the proceedings resulted, theoretically at least, in a victory for the Church.

In the course of these conferences the claims of the Church over the State were often openly announced, although they had seemed ridiculous to the men of the preceding age; and they were granted as legitimate on the same principle that restored the legitimate monarchy. There was clearly alliance and sympathy between the two. It is true that in practice this did not greatly alter the relation between Church and State in Germany, for it had continued to exist, in reality, though not so much in principle, all through the stormy period of the Revolution. The Church had never been so radically destroyed or humiliated there as in France. The conservative tendencies of the State had preserved a certain measure of independence to the Church; but the clergy that had been reared in the anti-Jesuitical spirit died off, or disappeared, and the State everywhere virtually accepted the alliance with the Jesuitical power of the Church, which has now overwhelmed it with embarrassment, and made it a doubtful question in Europe whether alliance of Church and State ought or ought not to be preserved.

CAN IT BE DONE?

The practical question which must conclude all discussions of morals and religion, as applied to business, is, "can we take along our theories, and put them into practice?" Can we reach high business success and prosperity, and at the same time preserve our religion fresh and pure? We have no manner of doubt if this were believed it would remove nine-tenths of all that is morally wrong and base from business. There are perhaps more men, both in and out of the Church, who are, either consciously or unconsciously, acting upon Herbert Spencer's conclusion, "that strict integrity is impossible and succeed," than from the divine precept, "trust in the Lord, and do right." The simple reason is, men fear for their final success should they put in practice the ethics of the Bible.

We may, from the widest observation of facts, be sure that neither conscience nor the law of God can be set aside and we permanently prosper. If we act on San's ethics, "I can do better for myself by disobeying God's commandments," we shall share His judgment, "I have rejected thee." How many are pushing on, under this fatal mistake of the infatuated king of Israel, across God's broken commandments, to grasp sudden and soiled riches! Will they succeed? Never! They are riding a wild tilt against the Almighty, only to have their shivered and splintered lances pierce their own vitals; for there is an eternal law of right, as fixed and radiant as the throne of the Eternal, against which they dash. This law is not what chambers of commerce vote, nor "what old and respected houses practice," but a fiat of the Almighty. You say, "it is impossible to apply this rule to business and professional life." So much the worse for the business and profession. God can and will apply it; with Him all things are possible. Such a doctrine, you insist, is Utopian and unpopular. It is popular with God. Here is the fact: You know, as does every man, how empty is all success snatched in defiance of this law of moral and everlasting right. It holds all men in its silent, inflexible grasp, as the law of gravity the planets. If obeyed, it bears us, slowly but surely, forward to the sun-bright summit of a pure and reasonable success; if crossed, we fall, sooner or later, beneath its flashing judgments. "Hast thou an arm like

God's?" "Canst thou contend with the Almighty?"

Some, we grant you, by bold and had operations spring into great temporary wealth; and the glittering sophism wins thousands of young men. But in the long run things level up—or down, perhaps. We are passing through this leveling process just now. The vast majority of such men fall, and not only die insolvent, but are beggars for eternity. How slow, even as disciples of the lowly Jesus, we are to believe this! And still slower to act upon it! Integrity ripens too tardily for us; virtue and honor come too late into bloom and fruit to satisfy our eager, restless spirits. Speed to be rich is the false light we have been chasing for years. World and Church have been driving on, side by side, each blinded by the other's dust, until our wheels have suddenly mired, and many have gone under, and many more are to follow before we reach the solid stones of business prosperity. God can, as He has, blow our speculative schemes into shreds by the breath of His power. He can, as He has, brush our unrighteous gains into perdition by the stroke of His finger. Chariot and horseman, horse and rider, He can, as He has, cast into the Red Sea of panic and disaster. Would that the whole business world, reeling under depression and corruption, drunk with the wine of swift riches, could be made to realize this, and in the future respect the divine laws of rectitude and honor! It would be the dawn of a new day to the Christian Church and the kingdom of Christ.

We have, in late editorials, under different titles, dwelt upon the morality of business because the times invite it, and there is imperative need of it. Some of our ablest social economists, both at home and abroad, are alarmed at the present tendencies of society to disintegrate. Our homes are less loved; marriage less respected and sacred; society everywhere segregating into hostile factions; a simple economy slipping away; and those sterner virtues which our fathers practiced slowly crumbling beneath our feet. Such men as Martineau, Thomas Hughes, Gregg, Bright, Goldwin Smith, Gladstone, Emerson and Hopkins, are not alarmists. All these great thinkers trace the cause of this disintegration to our sudden wealth and the means of its acquisition. "Instead of the mastery good honor, and sense of power and fertility of resource in himself," says Emerson; "instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and mighty and prevailing heart, our fathers had, we have become the menials and runners of our wealth." "The great disintegration, loosening the bonds of society, has been our material progress. This unprecedented increase of wealth, not in the high and true sense, but in the vulgar sense of the word, exciting a feverish haste to be rich, and lowering the morality of all engaged in the pursuit, instead of knitting together, has divided families, divided households, divided classes, and therefore has weakened instead of strengthened the nation." So says Thomas Hughes.

Who can for one moment doubt that these disintegrating influences run on into our Churches, loosening manhood and womanhood—loosening her hold upon public confidence and esteem? Has not our Christian power over men been gradually leaking away? Who, that has given the subject much thought, but feels that this leakage has been, to some considerable extent, through our methods of business, and the rapid and somewhat unscrupulous accumulation of wealth?

We are, moreover, spending our incomes certainly not for the glory of God and the weal of men. We are excluding thousands from our Churches by over-cost and over-dress; we are endangering the moral character of our young men and women by chasing so eagerly the modern "gad-fly," "haste to be rich." We do not claim against wealth its life; it is a solemn trust, a splendid power of good, when wisely used. But the way we get and use it is full of danger. Well made, and well spent, it is indeed "a mountain rill," full of music and laughter, glorifying its whole course with a new and nobler life.

The practical question still returns, How shall business, now prostrated, once more gain tone? It comes up from every quarter of the globe, and from the whole domain of human activity. No party has a profounder interest in the answer than the Church of Christ. What shall we do? This, at least—what Goldwin Smith, with all the vehemence of his great soul, says, "Let go the hollow and unnatural life we are living, this sham and shame." Get rid of this unhealthy stimulus under which we have lived. Let us write above our church-doors, over our pulpits, on every pew; in the living rooms and sleeping rooms of our houses; on our door-posts; and wear them as frontlets between our eyes; on the bells of our over caparisoned carriages; upon the wheels of our carriages—everywhere, upon wardrobe and table, these talismanic words:—*greater simplicity.*

How do this? Bring the Lord Jesus into heart and home, and let Him reign there, in sweet and royal simplicity! When? Now; to-day! It must come, this age of greater Christian simplicity. It will come! The reformation of Luther was scarcely more needed.

But, I cannot do it alone. No, friend, you cannot; but you can cut down and simplify your own expenditures; "sweep your own door stone;"

and bye and bye your neighbor will cut down his, and so the wave of economy and simplicity will go on, until the good work is done. Who will commence this process, and work quietly away, until all injustice, this unhalloved and insane passion to be rich quickly, this abomination of over-dress and foolish extravagance, are swept clean from every place of business, from home and Church, and we all come, in simple garb, with clean hands and a pure heart, into the courts of business and the temple of our God? God hasten the time!

Editorial Paragraphs.

Nearly thirty years ago, in the mountain town of Irausburgh, Vt., near the Canada line, the Vermont Conference held its annual session, under the presidency of the venerable and beloved Bishop Hedding. It was before the Iron Road had begun to wind along the base of either the Green Mountains or the White Hills of New Hampshire. To reach this "shire town" of Orleans County, from Boston, required the romantic but tedious coach ride from Lowell (the end of the railroad track towards the North), through Concord (over the roads, indeed, with famous teams and drivers, requiring one to rise between four and five in the morning, and permitting rest only at about noon), to Montpelier, Vt., and thence over the hills, through St. Johnsbury Plain, to Irausburgh. What a shaking up that last thirty or forty miles, over a continued mountain road, gave the passenger in the leaping coaches or mail wagons! There was no novel or newspaper-reading on the way in those days, which was a happy fact for the eyes. The lost art of intelligent conversation was then necessarily cultivated by these long spaces of time required for the journey, by the close relation in which passengers were brought to each other in these small coaches, and by the absence of all other resources for while away the time.

The Conference met in a small, unassuming place, but, slightly its superior in size or comfort. During the quarter of a century since then neither of them have improved. In appearance or appointments, until of late. The spiritual condition of the town seemed to follow the fate of the Church buildings, until its floating population became proverbial for idleness. A few years since the Congregational brethren took courage, and erected a fine and convenient house of worship. The movement seemed to be the signal for a new religious awakening in the old town. The Methodist brethren, although few in number, and with limited pecuniary abilities, caught the inspiration. To no one individual more than to Hon. C. P. Colton (whose guest we were so happy to be, a few days last week), a vigorous business man, and an intelligent student in natural science, does the Church owe more in securing the erection of a remarkably tasteful and convenient Church edifice, although himself not a member of its communion, save as allied to it in the person of his excellent wife. In this higher spiritual fellowship we trust they may not long be separated.

In such a country town it was an era to have two fine churches erected within a few months of each other, and opened for divine worship. At very great sacrifices the amount necessary to finish the new Methodist edifice was subscribed. As it often happens, at its completion the expenses were considerably over the original calculation, and some twelve hundred dollars were required to enable the Society to offer their beautiful temple, free from debt, unto the Lord.

We had the pleasure of uniting with them, in company with a goodly number of rare Vermont Methodist preachers, and quite a large representation from the Congregational and Baptist bodies, at their dedicatory services on Wednesday, the 19th. The journey from Boston is now simply a delightful pleasure trip, requiring only nine or ten hours of riding, in the finest cars, through the great manufacturing towns of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, by the charming scenery of the White Mountains, permitting a day for dinner in the delightful village of Plymouth, where the drowsy Methodist sub-bishop, Dr. Barrows, with his proverbial wisdom and good taste, has planted his ecclesiastical seat, through the lower spur of the White Mountain range, across the Connecticut, just above that delightful and dear old Newbury to the hearts of so many of our readers, up the valley of the Passumpsic, by St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville, to Barton Landing. An invigorating ride then, over a forest-shaded mountain road, and we reach the high plain, surrounded by higher hills, upon which Irausburgh is situated.

On dedication day we were spared the suffering from intense heat and dust by an impetuous fall of rain, but no diminution in attendance upon the public services was occasioned by this condition of the atmosphere. The last possibility of seating an individual within the walls of the new temple was reached, and with marvelous patience the audience remained until every dollar of the indebtedness was raised, and the house given with appropriate words and prayers to God. How all this was done; how much praise be rightfully distributed between Rev. H. F. Forrest and wife, and Rev. S. B. Currier, the late and present pastors of the Church; how dark the prospect looked for raising the money; how wonderfully the cloud finally burst, and the sun of hope broke through; how happy every body felt who had given more than he believed it possible for him to do; what a good sermon President Elder Puffer preached in the evening; and how the whole scene closed with a tender doxology, a shaking of hands, and a common declaration that the happy result was, after all, the work of God, and marvelous in our eyes—is it not all to be told by that rare scribe, the Vermont correspondent of ZION'S HERALD?

Thirty years ago, President Mahan, of Oberlin College, and Prof. C. G. Finney, of the same institution, were accustomed to spend the vacations in Boston, preaching (not both during the same season, but at different times) in Marlboro' Chapel, then the place of worship for a Congregational Church, the members of which accepted the Oberlin views of sin and holiness. The two men were utterly different in their manner and subject matter, but both drew crowds to hear them, and were eminently successful in quickening the Church and awakening the convictions of unconvinced hearers. Dr. Mahan had just published his rich lectures upon holiness (which Dr. Woods of Andover reviewed), and was in the enjoyment of a sweet and deep religious experience. He preached the Gospel with remarkable unction and tenderness, and led believers into the green pastures and by the still waters of Christian perfection. He is now in England, or was, when we last heard of him, preaching the same constraining and conquering love of Christ, in a sweet and holy old age.

Dr. Finney, a lawyer by education and

training, a man of clear and incisive logic, a vigorous pulpit speaker, but slightly confined to his notes, tall and straight as a palm tree, would out, in his conversational discourses, through the convictions of his immense audiences with the breaking-plough of a spiritual John the Baptist. He was calm in his manner, positive, full of illustrations from actual facts in his extended ministry as an evangelist before entering upon his professorship, and the effect produced by his sermons was often overwhelming. His audiences would bow in deep contrition under his searching tests. Thus, until his death, he dated their conversion and clear establishment in the Christian life to his faithful and intelligent ministry. At this period we were just entering upon our ministerial work, and these discourses, with those published as delivered in New York city, from the admirable reports of Dr. Leavitt for the *Evangelist*, under the title of "Lectures upon Revivals," made a powerful impression upon our mind, as to the man and his modes. We have never ceased to respect him. Few men in our country have had more sea to their ministry. During his eleven years of evangelistic labor in New York State and city sweeping revivals constantly attended his ministry. In 1857 he aided Dr. Stone, then of Park St. Church, Boston, and that venerable Congregational Church never had such a spiritual baptism, or so broad and rich a harvest as during the revival that attended his labors. This eminent man of God ceased suddenly his work and his life last week, at his home in Oberlin, in an attack of heart disease. Few persons could be better prepared for so sudden a dismissal. A friend, while a student at Oberlin, lived in his family. He says his family were often witnesses of some of his most remarkable and subduing spiritual power. If any man walked with God, and talked with Him, Dr. Finney did. He was born in Warren, Conn., in 1792, and commenced his ministry after practicing law for some time, in 1824. He became professor at Oberlin in 1838, and president in 1852, retaining his office until his death. His voice and his pen have been busy since that period, preaching and advocating a pure, strong and Scriptural faith. And now he is not, for God has taken him.

The interesting anniversary exercises, commemorating the opening of his commission under the old Elm on Boston Common, by Jesse Lee, in 1790, have been embodied in a particularly neat pamphlet, published by James P. Magee, and form a rich brochure, worthy of preservation. With much pains-taking Rev. J. W. Hamilton has procured a heliotype of an old engraving of Boston, taken about two months after Lee's sermon was preached, which is a rare and very interesting relic. It also has a reduced photograph of a picture taken by Whipple, of the New England Centenary Convention, composed of leading ministers and laymen of New England, as they stood under the memorable elm on the Common—a remarkable contrast to the Methodistism represented by the lonely apostle from Baltimore, who, some fifty years before, stood in the same place, as the sole prophet of the coming multitude. The addresses of Messrs. Hamilton, Kendig and Bates, with the other services, are reported in full. In addition, Mr. Hamilton has given a very interesting history of his pictures, and of the memorable old tree itself. Altogether it is an attractive affair. A small edition has been published, which is going off very rapidly. Those wishing copies should send at once to Mr. Magee, 901 cents.

The *Churchman*, in a semi-patronizing, pious and critical editorial, speaks of the demoralization of Methodist camp-meetings, and incidentally of the general lapse of the Church itself. When, please you, Mr. *Churchman*, were you a child? Did you not see the Methodist were pious? Did you not see that although this piety was of an ascetic form, those of their ministry that became a little cultivated have heretofore, the *Churchman* says, had

"Enough of the Churchly heaven in them to operate in the right direction. A little learning, under the influence of a little living out of prejudice, often brought many of them into the Church which once so unwisely let them go. But when they attempted to give way to the influences of wealth and the love of enjoyment, and thought to consecrate these by the admixture and superintendence of religion, they were found to be a strain too severe for it." "The theories of the Wesleys were ascetic. The power of religion is in going off very rapidly. Those wishing copies should send at once to Mr. Magee, 901 cents."

This is a kind of the *Churchman* to put out so clearly the very worst phase of our situation. As only a small portion of our people, after all, attend these great holiday camp-meetings, it is possible that the Church, as a body, may survive a few years longer. For an expiring denomination, in all the great external marks of prosperity and the presence of the benediction of the great Head of the Church, the Methodist body seems singularly endowed. It will probably continue, at least "a name and a memory" for some years to come. It is cultivated, though ascetic ministers and members are still heartily welcomed when they seek the fellowship of the Episcopal Church; so the demoralization has not yet assumed a hopelessly fatal form.

The last *Watchman* (Wesleyan) gives the farewell speeches of Dr. Curry and Bishop Simpson, as they were about leaving the Wesleyan Conference, then in session. They had been very cordially introduced to that body. Dr. Curry seems to have made quite a favorable impression upon his Wesleyan brethren, and Bishop Simpson was received with an almost enthusiastic welcome, and his address was constantly cheered. He made a good point, alluding to the extent of the Church's growth, rather than decreasing, over the decision of the English court sustaining the narrow and bigoted, as well as intensely foolish, course of the parish rector, forbidding the title of Rev. upon the grave stone of the child of a Wesleyan minister. Said Bishop Simpson:—"I say, I would not mingle in angry dispute, or say anything that would be unkind, but my sympathies are with the Wesleyans in any difficulty through which they may be called to pass. I am not so anxious about what name shall be written on grave-stones (laughter) as I am about what writing shall be put on the hearts of the youth of this country, and they get the name of Jesus written directly on their hearts, you may have the other matter to those whose mission it may be to take special care of the tombstones of the land (immense cheering). For one, I thank God that we have not to seek the living among the dead." [Renewed applause.]

The *Savannah Morning News* devotes one of its large pages to a full report of the various exercises attending the laying of the corner stone of the Wesley Monumental Church at Savannah, Ga., August 10. The services were interesting. The historical items gathered by the editor of the

6 Months Free. All who will send us a 3-cent stamp to pay postage (as law now requires prepayment of postage). We do not ask any to subscribe for our paper until they know what they are to get. It speaks for itself. Price only \$1.00 per year. Purdy's Small Fruit Instructor is a work of 64 pp., that tells in simple language just how to grow fruits in abundance for home use or market. Price 2 cents, post-paid.

A. M. PURDY, Rochester, N. Y.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, September 5.
Lesson 2. John 12, 1-11.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Leader. 1 And as Jesus passed by, He saw a man which was blind from his birth.

School. 2 And His disciples asked Him, saying, Master, who did sin—this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?

L. 3 Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

E. 4 I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day. The night cometh, when no man can work.

S. As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world.

L. 6 When He had thus spoken He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay.

S. He went his way, and washed, and came seeing.

L. 8 The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged?

S. 9 Some said, This is he; others said, He is like him; but he said, I am he.

L. 10 Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened?

S. 11 He answered and said, A man, that is called Jesus, made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight.

[Connection: The colloquy, of which our last lesson formed a part, was held on the Sabbath which closed the Feast of Tabernacles. The miracle recorded in our present lesson occurred either on the same day or on the ensuing Sabbath; it is impossible to tell which. Alford (also Locke, Tholuck, De Wette, and Whedon) supposes a break in the narrative, between this chapter and the last, because Jesus seems so tranquil after the intense excitement which His words had aroused, and His narrow escape from being stoned (viii, 59). Alford urges, also, that the day was sufficiently full (its record begins vii, 37) to close at this point. Lange, on the other hand (also Olshausen, Meyer, Stier and Trench), believes that the miracle occurred on the same day. Says Lange, "It is precisely in this serene deportment of Jesus, and in His calm after the moment of most imminent peril, and while still in the vicinity of danger, that we recognize the Lord and Master."

Characteristics: 1. A Judean miracle, one of four related by St. John alone. 2. Described with extreme minuteness, a whole chapter being devoted to its recital and circumstances. 3. Marks another rupture between Judaism and Jesus. 4. Another case of "Sabbath-breaking." Lightfoot cites, from a Rabbinical treatise on the Sabbath, "even the spittle must not be put on the eyelids on this day." But Jesus loved to use His holy liberty, and to mark the broad distinction between the traditions of men and the Law of God (Prensené). 5. The subject of this miracle becomes a true confessor; he exhibits a bolder temper than the Bethesda cripple, and dares to defy even the Sanhedrin in the defense of His Benefactor; and to him, therefore, Jesus reveals His Messiahship (verses 35, 36, 37).

Passed by—at the Temple entrance, or possibly at the city gate. It was customary to carry the helpless to these public places, to ask alms of the charitable (Acts iii, 2).

Blind from his birth, and therefore incurable by natural means. But the Healer, to whom no case is too hard, is looking at him, and hears his cry. Fly the poor blind man!

Schaff, in his comments on Lange, quotes the affecting allusions which Milton makes to his blindness, in Sonnet XIX, and in the third canto of Paradise Lost. He also mentions Homer, Diogenes (the Alexandrian commentator), and Ptolemy, as examples of remarkable blind men. To these may be added Augustin Thierry, Rev. W. H. Milburn, Prof. Fawcett (M. P.), and that strange musical genius, "Blind Tom."

Who did sin? Is a Jewish idea that a special affliction was the sign and punishment of a special sinful act or habit. Their notion was correct enough, in certain cases, such as drunkenness, license, etc., in which the penalty is unquestionably yoked to the transgression. Cases of premature paralysis, or impotence of any kind, were also generally recognized as resulting from personal sinfulness. Jesus had said to the cripple of Bethesda, "sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee;" and to the paralytic of Capernaum, "thy sins are forgiven thee." But this case differed from the others. The connection between life-long blindness and a specific course of sin was more difficult to trace. Somebody's sin, they thought, must have caused it, and they are curious to know whose.

This man? or his parents? The vague absurdity of the question betrays the perplexity of the disciples. They did not stop to weigh the non-applicability of a part of their inquiry.

The commentators express very diverse opinions on this passage. Beza and Grotius refer the question to the doctrine of metempsychosis (that the man may have sinned in a former state of being), but the Pharisees believed that only good souls passed into other bodies; Lightfoot, Locke and Meyer refer it to the possibility of sin before birth, in the embryonic state; De Wette, to the general doctrine of the pre-existence of souls, which prevailed among Rabbinists and Alexandrians; Tholuck, to predestinated sin, punished by anticipation; Stier interprets, "this man? or, as that is out of the question, his parents?" Farrar says (II, 81), "we can hardly believe that these simple minded Galileans were familiar with the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the Rabbinical fancy of ante-natal sin, or the Platonic and Alexandrian fancy of pre-existence, or the more modern conception of protoplasmic punishment for sins anticipated by foreknowledge."

Neither hath this man, etc. Doubtless they had sinned, both parents and child; but no particular sin of either had caused the blindness. Our Lord does not deny the general principle, that sin is the root of all evil; nor does He deny that some calamities result from sin. He simply denies that the present case is to be regarded as evi-

dence of special transgression, and thereby contradicts the current notion that every case of extraordinary suffering is to be branded with the stigma of extraordinary sinning. To disprove this fallacy, and forewarn men against it, the book of Job (probably the oldest in the world) seems to have been expressly written. See Luke xiii, 2-5. On affliction, as a corrective discipline, see Prov. iii, 12; Heb. xii, 6; Rev. iii, 19.

That the works of God, etc. Our Lord does not stop to explain the origin of evil. He is more eager to remove and destroy evil than to discuss its cause. To pour light into these darkened eyes would be a signal manifestation of His divine power, and would furnish a text for important lessons. Jesus does not say that the man was born blind for the sole purpose that God's glory might be manifested in him, but that, by means of this lifelong affliction, the works of God should be made manifest (So Lücke, Alford, Farrar). See xi, 4.

The ultimate object of evil, as of things in general, is the glorification of God in the salvation of men (Lange). "God has thought fit to allow evil to exist in order that He may have a platform for showing His mercy, grace and compassion. If man had never fallen there would have been no opportunity of showing divine mercy; but by permitting evil, mysterious as it seems, God's works of grace, mercy and wisdom, in saving sinners, have been wonderfully manifested to all creatures" (Ryle).

I must work the works, etc. Jesus never forgets His mission, never forgets that He is an apostle—i. e., one sent forth (see Heb. iii, 1). He is possessed with a holy ardor to perform those works of beneficence which the Sender indicated to Him. Had He not been prompt to seize every opportunity He could not have testified so calmly and confidently, at the supreme moment of His life, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

While it is day, etc. By "day" He means His term of earthly life and labor; by "night," His death and departure from earth. His "day," in both its literal and figurative sense, was rapidly passing. The declining sun perhaps suggested to Him that His period of opportunity and activity was drawing to its close, and that what He had to do must be done quickly. Only six months later the hostility against Him culminated in His rejection and violent death.

Every man has for his day's work his one day, by which he must profit; when his night comes he can work no more (Lange). "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whether thou goest" (Eccl. ix, 10). We go but once through the world, and we cannot return to correct errors, and recall neglected opportunities of doing our duty (Barnes).

I am the light of the world. He seems to say, "while My day lasts it is My office, as the true Sun of Righteousness, to drive away all darkness of error and sin, to irradiate the souls of men with beams of truth, and, as a type of this spiritual illumination, to open the blinded eye to the light of day." It often happened, as in this case, that the physical enlightenment was the means of leading its subject to the higher enlightenment which it typified.

Jesus here presents Himself as the source of the archetypal, spiritual light, of which the natural, now about to be conferred, is only a derivation and symbol (Alford). In Pope's sacred eclogue of "The Messiah" occurs the couplet,—

"He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the slightest eyeballs pour the day."

He spat on the ground, etc. See Mk. vii, 33; viii, 23. We have here a threefold instrumentality employed by our Lord—the spittle, the paste of clay, and the waters of Siloam—all accounted medicinal, though not believed, of course, to be adequate in a case of this kind. Why He, who healed at a word, preferred on this occasion to use human means, we cannot say. That these media detracted in no way from the splendor of the miracle, is obvious, for the healing power was not in them, but in Him. The "conductor" of the miraculous power was generally the faith of the recipient, and if such means served to awaken that faith their use would be accounted for.

Pliny, in his Natural History (xxviii, 7), says that inflammation of the eyes should be prevented by the application every morning of the saltea jejuna (the spittle before eating), a long unguent. The Emperor Vespasian (according to Tacitus and Suetonius) restored a blind man to sight by this remedy. Clay is also prescribed for swollen eyelids by Samonides, a poet-physician of Caracalla's time.

Pool of Siloam—a fountain at the foot of Mount Zion, forming a pool, fifty-four feet long by eighteen broad (according to present measurement). Its waters were supposed to have healing power, and so would help the man's faith.

See supplement to Alford's Greek Testament, Vol. I, for an interesting and learned note respecting the identity of Siloam and Bethesda. Ancient prophecy had made this famous spring, with its softly flowing waters, a symbol of divine grace (Isa. viii, 6). Milton speaks of

"Siloam's brook,
Which flowed fast by the oracle of God."

By interpretation, Sent. Its name, therefore, was significant, and symbolical of Him who was sent, and whose mission it was to give the healing waters of life.

Washed, and came seeing. See 2 Kgs. v, 10, 14. Here is a case of obedient faith and its recompense. The cure was complete. Who can tell the rapture of this man when first upon his astonished vision burst the full beauty of this green earth, and the blue sky above it!

The neighbors, therefore, etc. They are startled at the change in the man, whose poverty and blindness were well known to them, and their comments

and treatment of him are very vividly described. Some recognize him; others are not quite sure, and are non-committal. Augustine remarks, "As the opened eyes had altered his looks." As soon, however, as he testifies to his own identity, they gather around and examine him—a prelude to the severer and more acrimonious examination which the Pharisees soon instituted.

A man that is called Jesus. He knew, thus far, only His name, and His work of healing; but from these premises the man's reasoning was quick and logical. His Benefactor was "no sinner," whether He had broken the Sabbath, or not. He was "a prophet," and a "worshiper of God." He was "of God." With this credo he fearlessly faces the Sanhedrim—one of the most sturdy (perhaps we ought to say "audacious") confessions of the truth that the history of the Church can furnish. "To him that hath shall be given" (see verses 35-38).

Clearly here was a man whose presumptuous honesty would neither be bullied into suppression, nor corrupted into a lie (Farrar).—Meyer notices, as a minute mark of accuracy, that the man only relates what he himself, as being blind, felt. He says nothing of the spittle.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, September 5.

1 Describe the connection between this lesson and the last.

2 Mention some of the characteristics of this miracle.

3 Explain the question which the disciples put to Jesus.

4 Is a specific calamity to be invariably attributed to specific sinfulness?

5 How much did Jesus deny, in verse 3.

6 What view did Jesus take of this man's blindness?

7 With what words did He preface the miracle, and what is their meaning?

8 Describe the means employed in this miracle.

9 Were these means adequate to cure blindness?

10 What impressions do you gain from the narrative of the character of this man whom Jesus healed?

The Family.

LITTLE WILD FLOWER.

BY M. W. C.

How came you here, sweet pretty flower,

Grown all among the weeds?

How could you bloom so pure and bright,

With nought but rocks and weeds in sight?

Who kept the little seeds?

What did you grow for, pretty flower,

In this rough, lonely place?

You should have been near some way high,

Where all the throng, as they pass by,

Could see your modest grace.

How can you be content, sweet flower,

To blossom here, unseen?

Your leaves are veiled with nicest care;

Your color's exquisite and rare,

As ever graced a queen.

I'm content because I know

My Father placed me here;

He watches o'er each little seed;

He gives me light, and all I need—

Clothes me, from year to year.

If I should bloom amid the throng

Where each one strives for gain,

I should be crushed; 't is not my place;

I should not dare to lift my face;

My work would be in vain.

If I can, in my quiet nook,

Some lonely wanderer cheer,

And point him to the love, and power,

And watchful care of God, each hour,

I've done my mission here.

And, lest not one, among the few

Who pass, my lesson heed,

I'll bloom again, again, again,

And do my better self I can;

And so I'll scatter seed."

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

BY MRS. DR. CHRISTLIER.

[Continued.]

The person whom Luther and Dr. Jonas visited was a noble lady, Mrs. Felicitas von Selznitz, the widow of Hans von Selznitz, who had been murdered at Halle, in 1519. In her deep despondency she often begged Luther to help and comfort her. To-day he went to her, with Jonas, and they remained nearly an hour, trying to cheer her, and listening to her complaints with great patience. Before leaving, he related to her two incidents in his own life:—

"At one time I was sorely vexed and tried by my own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the Church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died?"

"Do you not know?" she replied. "God in heaven is dead."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Katie?" I said. "How can God die? Why, he is immortal, and will live through all eternity!"

"Is that really true?" she asked.

"Of course," I said, still not perceiving what she was aiming at. "How can you doubt it? As surely as there is a God in heaven, so sure is it that He can never die."

"And yet," she said, "though you do not doubt that, you are so hopeless and discouraged?" Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness.

"Another time my friend Pommer (Bogenhagen) comforted me in the following way: 'No doubt God in heaven is thinking. What shall I do with this man? I have given him so many great and glorious gifts, and yet he cannot trust My grace.' These words comforted me as though they had been spoken by an angel from

heaven; they went straight to my heart, and remained firmly there.

"And now I will say to you, God is thinking. How many good things this child of Mine has received from Me. She is My child by baptism; to redeem her I gave My only Son from heaven, to suffer death on the Cross; in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper I gave her all My heavenly gifts; and yet she doubts My grace! When temptation comes, take your eyes quickly from your own sinfulness, and fix them on the Man who bore your sins on the Cross. There you will take fresh courage. There is nothing pleases the devil better than when you torture yourself with doubts, and lose sight of Christ."

Luther had a special gift for comforting the tempted, and many were the requests that came to him, from far and near, to help such. Mrs. Felicitas von Selznitz said that when he had been thus comforting her she only wished to be able to close her eyes, and not open them again in this world, for then she felt perfectly safe, and assured of her acceptance in Christ. After this pastoral visit he and Jonas set forth to join their friends in the garden. On their way a beggar came up to them, and Luther gave him a trifle. Jonas, who was disposed to be miserly, searched long in his purse before he could find a suitable coin, which, when found, he gave to the beggar, with the words, "who can tell in what way God will return it to me?"

They had gone on a few steps, when Luther began: "My dear Jonas, I should never have thought that you were such a hypocrite. You seem to imagine God must return you your alms, and you know perfectly well that in giving alms you are only returning to God part of what He has given you. You only give of your abundance. A thousandfold has God given you, yet, when you return Him a thousandth part of His gifts, you make a piece of work about it as a hen cackles when she has laid an egg." Justus Jonas was thoroughly accustomed to his friend's pokes in the ribs, and their friendship did not suffer by them.

Outside the walls and battlements of the fortress town of Wittenberg lay Luther's garden, sheltered on one side by a little wood, in which hundreds of feathered songsters filled the air with sweet melody. On the other side it reached down to the green banks of the Elster stream, which, nearly at the end of its course, is about wedding its waters with those of the broad Elbe.

Here, in this quiet retreat, Luther loved to spend the long, warm summer evenings with his family and friends, resting after the varied labors of the day. And here, on this evening, he and Jonas found the friends assembled, the children playing on the grass, the elders partly seated, partly walking about the gravel paths, in earnest conversation.

As soon as little Magdalene saw her father she ran up to him, and whispered, "father, don't forget the birds. See there, round the corner, Wolfgang and the boys are preparing the net which is to be laid to-morrow."

"Be at ease, my child," said Luther. "The birds shall not be hurt." Upon which he went into the garden-house, where pen, ink, and paper always lay in readiness. Here he remained for some time, quietly writing, and then rejoined his guests.

The lengthening shadows by this time began to remind the world that even a long June day has an end. The twilight of a balmy summer evening soon began to spread its soothing influence over town and country. Worthy Mrs. Luther had supper in readiness, which, as there were not tables and chairs sufficient for the numerous company, was a movable rural feast. Before the party broke up, to return to their homes, Luther begged them to gather round him; he wished to lay before them a petition he had just received. As soon as they were assembled he took a sheet of paper out of his pocket, and began to read as follows:—

"To our honored Dr. Martin Luther, preacher in the town of Wittenberg:—We, thrushes, blackbirds, linnets, and bulfinches, together with other birds, which intend flying over Wittenberg this autumn, do hereby beg to inform your reverence that we are tentatively advised that one Wolfgang Sieberger, the servant of your reverence, is about to commit an outrageous act; and, being filled with hatred towards us, he is preparing nets with which to lay snares for us, and deprive us of our freedom of flying about in the air, and of picking up seeds on the ground."

"And not only that, but he seeks even to take away our lives—we who have never done him injury of any kind. And as this, as your reverence must allow, is a dangerous conspiracy against us, poor free birds, who possess neither store-house nor barn, we forward our humble petition, that your reverence may kindly restrain your servant from his mischievous purpose, so that our passage over Wittenberg may take place without peril to our lives or risk of our freedom."

"Why does not your reverence's servant turn his anger against the sparrows, magpies, jackdaws, ravens, mice, and rats, who do you much injury; rob, steal, and carry corn, oats, malt, and barley away, out of your houses, which we never do, but only seek the crumbs and seeds which lie on the ground? We ask if your servant has a right thus to conspire against us? We trust God may enable us to escape his snares."

"Written in our usual seat, on the branch of a tree, under the high dome

of heaven, with our usual pen, our feather."

"Behold the birds of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

When Luther had finished reading he folded up the paper, put it back into his pocket, and said, "what think you, my friends? A special messenger brought me this petition to-day? I must inquire and find out whether the birds are right in complaining. Come forward, Wolfgang, and acquit yourself if you can." The old servant had at once perceived what was being aimed at, and would gladly have made off, on the sly, but Magdalene held him fast, and now came forward with him.

Amidst peals of laughter, on all sides, he was forced to confess that he and the boys were preparing a bird's nest. Whereupon Luther, with feigned anger, addressed him: "Are you such a hoary sinner, Wolfgang, dabbling in the devil's own craft, and misleading my boys to do the same? The devil himself is a Fowler; he twists the necks of the unwary birds whom he ensnares and entraps; only those who sing his songs best he puts into a cage, to decoy others. I hope," he added, laughing, "that he would not put me into a cage if he caught me. But now, Wolfgang, prove your innocence, if you can; otherwise I shall have to forbid your ever laying snares for birds again."

Wolfgang was in great consternation, and could not find a reply; but Hans, who was not easily abashed, took his part, and said, "papa, we do not mean to hurt the bulfinches and black-birds, and other harmless creatures; but we may catch sparrows, for you yourself said that they were little good-for-nothings! And we may catch crows, and magpies, and jackdaws too, papa, for you said they were thieves," added little Martin.

"Yes, I can witness to that," said Magister Francis, the boy's tutor; "I will remind you of your own words: 'they are highwaymen and robbers.' And so saying, he drew a letter out of his pocket which Luther had written him from Coburg, and began to read:—

"There is a thicket here, near my windows, in which the crows and jackdaws are holding a diet. There is a continual cawing and screaming, night and day, as though they were all drunk. Old and young caw together, so that one wonders how voice and breath holds out so long. I wonder if any of this noble family are at Wittenberg? It seems to me that the whole race of them must be assembled here, from all the ends of the world. I have not seen their emperor, but the nobility is constantly flying and wagging about before us, not in gorgeous array, but all in the same grey-colored eyes; and all sing the same song, only with variety between old and young. They need no palaces nor halls, for their hall is domed by the broad, blue sky; their carpet is green, and the walls are as distant as the horizon; they need neither swords nor armor, for they have feathered wheels, with which they can escape from the shot of a gun."

"They are great lords, but I cannot tell what decrees they issue. But, as far as I understand their interpreter, they are planning a great campaign against wheat, barley, rye, and oats, and all kinds of corn; and many a knight will do noble deeds. We wish them all good luck, and hope that some day they may be spitted on a hedge, for I hold them to be no better than sophists and papists, who make a loud noise about their deeds, and really only seek to devour everything they can lay hold of by plunder."

"Yes, yes," said Luther; "I still hold to my words. And if you mean to wage war against these little highwaymen alone, I have nothing against it; but when a useful little singing-bird is caught in your net, you must give it back its liberty. You need not be afraid, dear little Magdalene, that any murder will be committed. The little robbers are sharp and wary, and not easily caught in the snare of the fowler. And if the curious, confiding little singing-birds are caught, the boys must let them fly. That is our will and decree."

Meanwhile twilight had deepened into darkness, and myriads of stars shone out brightly in the deep blue sky. Luther begged the musical choir of the morning to give them, under Walthers' guidance, an evening hymn before going home; whereupon the words of the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety," sung by the band of well-trained voices, echoed through the silence of the summer's night.

An unexpectedly large audience gathered round the garden during the singing, and a long procession, bearing torch-lights, issued from the wood which bordered Luther's garden. It was the students, returning from their banquet. Whilst the sacred music lasted they stood perfectly still, and not till the last notes died away did they burst forth with their "gaudeamus, igitur" (therefore, let us rejoice). Luther stepped forward and thanked them kindly for their greeting, while they begged to be allowed the honor of escorting their beloved and revered master on his homeward way.

Thus ended the festive day; and we shall all agree that Luther had well earned the repose he now sought.

We hope our readers have not wearied in following us through the various details of the day's occupations. The facts related are all authentic, and are

to be found in writings of his friends and contemporaries. His own words we have rendered literally; and if some expressions sound uncouth to modern ears, we must remember he spoke the language of the sixteenth century. The details we have given will perhaps be new to many, for they are drawn from sources not generally accessible. We trust that those who honor the memory of the great reformer may enjoy this peep into his domestic life, in which we see the man of mighty deeds not despising the day of small things, and faithful, not only in great things, but also in that which is least.

Dorn, May 2, 1875.

LONGINGS ANSWERED.

BY REV. W. T. WORTH.

Wilt Thou, Lord, now hear my pleading?

Thou hast perfect rest;

And since Thou art interceding,

May I not be blest?

Earthly fountains do not cool me;

Earth's rich fruits are poor;

Like a beggar, I am knocking

At the heavenly door;

I am footsore with my journey

Over hill and plain;

Empty come I, from my wanderings,

Home, O Lord, again.

Foolish, blind, mistaken, willful,

I confess it all;

Thou, who art the soul's Deliverer,

Break sin's dreadful thrall;

Take me into full communion,

Near Thy bleeding side;

I am panting for Thy fullness;

Thou for me hast died.

I am heard! Oh, blessed Master,

Thou dost welcome me!

Me, the beggar, thou art lifting

Face to face with Thee!

I shall walk with Thee in whiteness,

Blest with inward peace;

Guilt fears and dark forebodings

Thou hast caused to cease.

Taunton, Mass., August.

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

It should be the holy ambition of the Church that "their righteousness go forth as brightness," and "be as lamps that burn." The world is looking at us, and questioning, "what think ye of Christ?" And as we represent Him they will fall in love with or reject Him.

"Thou shalt be called by a new name." This means that we shall have a new character; be altogether new; and this newness is so rich. It is a life of faith, but our conceptions of truth are so clear that it becomes a real life, and we confidently rest on the promises.

